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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

KING LEAR.
TIMON *of* ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
MACBETH.
CORIOLANUS.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and P. Knapton, S. Birt, T. Longman, H. Lintot,
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MDCC LII.

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE FIRST



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THE
LIFE and *DEATH*
OF
King *LEA R.*





Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ster.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, Son to Glo'ster.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Glo'ster.
Curan, a Courtier.
Doctor.
Fool.
Oswald, Steward to Gonerill.
A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.
Servant to Cornwall.
1st. } *Servants to Glo'ster.*
2d. }

Gonerill, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers and Attendants.*

SCENE lyes in Britain.



KING



KING LEAR.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the KING's PALACE.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.

K E N T.



Thought, the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall*.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the Division of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat sawcily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund*?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of *Kent*; ———

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.

[*Trumpets sound, within.*]

The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*,
Glo'ster.

Glo. I shall, my Liege. [Exit.]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,
In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent,
'To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of *Cornwall*,
And You, our no less loving son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters sev'ral Dow'rs, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and
Burgundy,

Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Int'rest of territory, cares of state;)

Which

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend,
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* do? love and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these Bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany's* issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth, in my true Heart. (1)
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
My self an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia*!

[*Aside.*

And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*.—Now our joy,

(1) *And prize me at her Worth. In my true Heart,*] Mr. *Bishop* prescrib'd the Pointing of this Passage, as I have regulated it in the Text. *Regan* would say, that in the Truth of her Heart and Affection, she equals the worth of her Sister. Without this Change in the Pointing, she makes a Boast of her self without any Cause assign'd.

Although our last, not least; to whose young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'res'd : what say you, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters ? speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing ; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia* ? mend your speech a little ;
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back, as are right fit ;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all ? haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all. —

Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower ;
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation, messes
To gorge his appetite ; shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Kent. Good my Liege —

Lear. Peace, *Kent*!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my fight! —

[*To Cor.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who stirs?
Call *Burgundy*. — *Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my Power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This Cor'onet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent. Royal *Lear*,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou; that duty shall have dread to speak,
When pow'r to flattery bows? to plainness Honour
Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.
Reserve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn

To wage against thy foes ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my fight !

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo* ———

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal ! miscreant ! ———

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease ; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !

Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet ; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power ;
(Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear ;)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom ; if, the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : away ! By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King ; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here ;
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said ;
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love :
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.]

Enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

Lear.

Lear. My lord of *Burgundy*,
We first address tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When she was dear to us, we held her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriend'd, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that
made me,

I tell you all her wealth.——For you, great King,
[To France]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you,
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
Your Praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best; should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it; or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,

Must

Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily art,
'To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is her self a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutchess of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing: — I've sworn.

Bur. I'm sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being
poor,
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be't lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dow'rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,

Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France* :
Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, tho' unkind ;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, *France* ; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter ; nor shall ever see
That face of hers again ; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison :
Come, noble *Burgundy*.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father :
To your professing bosoms I commit him ;
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms ; you have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the Want that you have wanted. (2)

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia*.

[*Exeunt France and Cor.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I've to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both ;
I think, our father will go hence to night.

(2) *And well are worth the Want that you have wanted.*]
This is a very obscure Expression, and must be piec'd out
with an implied Sense, to be understood. This I take to be
the Poet's Meaning, stript of the Jingle which makes it dark :
“ You well deserve to meet with that *Want* of Love from
“ your Husband, which you have profess'd to *want* for our
“ Father.”

Reg.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent's* banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking between *France* and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt*;

S C E N E *changes to a Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.*

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. **T**Hou, *Nature*, art my Goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curtesie of nations to deprive me, (3)
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

(3) *The Nicety of Nations*] This is Mr. Pope's Reading, *ex Cathedra*; for it has the Sanction of none of the Copies, that I have met with. They all, indeed, give it *Us*, by a foolish Corruption, ---- *the Curiosity of Nations*; but I some time ago prov'd, that our Author's Word was, *Curtesie*. Nor must we forget that Tenure in our Laws, whereby some Lands are held by the *Curtesie* of England,

Lag

Lag of a brother? Why *bastard*? wherefore *base*?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
 As honest Madam's issue? why brand they us
 With *base*? with *baseness*? *bastardy*? *base*, *base*?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality;
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween a-sleep and wake? Well then,
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land;
 Our father's love is to the bastard *Edmund*,
 As to th' legitimate; fine word — legitimate —
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the base
 Shall be th' legitimate. — I grow, I prosper;
 Now, Gods, stand up for bastards!

To him, Enter Glo'ster.

Glo. *Kent* banish'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!
 And the King gone to night! subscrib'd his pow'r!
 Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone

Upon the gad! — *Edmund*, how now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of
 it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not
 such need to hide it self. Let's see; come, if it be
 nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter
 from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for
 so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-
 looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it; the
 contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep, till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar. ——— Hum ——— Conspiracy! ——— sleep, 'till I wake him ——— you should enjoy half his revenue ——— My son Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear, it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, firrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would
make

make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his Father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him —— Heav'n and Earth! *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate my self, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; tho' the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds it self scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully — and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange. [Exit.

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools,

fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat! ——— he comes, like the Catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a sigh like *Tom o' Bedlam* — O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me ———

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your self with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink your self, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you,

you, go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

[*Exit.*]

Edm. I do serve you in this business:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easie: I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E, *the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter Gonerill and Steward.

Gon. **D**ID my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd: Idle old Man, (4)

That

(4) *Idle old Man,*] The following Lines, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in Character for *Gonerill*, I have re-
ster'd

That still would manage those Authorities,
 That he hath giv'n away! — Now, by my Life,
 Old Fools are Babes again; and must be used
 With Checks, like Flatt'ers when they're seen
 t'abuse us.

Remember, what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among
 you: what grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows
 so: I'll write strait to my sister to hold my course: pre-
 pare for dinner. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to an open Place before
 the Palace.*

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. I F but as well I other accents borrow,
 And can my speech diffuse, my good intent
 May carry thro' it self to that full issue,
 For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd *Kent*,
 If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready:
 How now, what art thou? [To *Kent*.]

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what would'st thou
 with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve
 him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that
 is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says
 little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuse,
 and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

stor'd from the Old *Quarto*. The last Verse, which I have ven-
 tur'd to amend, is there printed thus:

With Checks, like Flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.

Kent,

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beest as poor for a subject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner——where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you——

[Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool, ho?——I think, the world's asleep: how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him!

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my Judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that

that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave! — you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry again; but away, go to: have you wisdom? so. —

[Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service.

To

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[Giving his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind fits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my self; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip. —

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whip'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.]

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear.

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [To Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool! —

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord, that counsel'd thee to give away thy Land,

Come, place him here by me! do Thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter Fool will presently appear,
The One, in motley here; the Other, found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to my self, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg; when thou clovest thy Crown i'th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt; thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speak like my self in this, let him be whip'd that first finds it so.

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year, [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, firrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thy own breeches,

Then

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung;
That such a King should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, firrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i' th' middle: here comes one o' th' parings.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Gonerill.*] so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

*Mum, mum, be that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a sheal'd peascod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue, Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth In rank and not to be endured riots. I thought, by making this well known unto you, T'have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what your self too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which else were shame,) that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
*The hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its Young;*
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter? [dom,

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wif-
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Ass know when the cart draws the
horse? whoop, *Jug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear* :
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied — Ha! waking — 'tis not so;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Lear's shadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman? —

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purposes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grae'd Palace. Shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
‡ Of fifty to disquantity your train;

‡ A little is the common reading; but it appears, from what
Lear says in the next Scene, that this number fifty was requir'd to
be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specify'd by
Gonerill.

Mr. Pope.
And

And the remainders, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils !
Saddle my horses, call my train together.—
Degen'rate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee ;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe ! that too late repents—O, Sir, are you
come ?
Is it your will, speak, Sir ? prepare my horses.—
[*To Albany.*

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest. [*To Gonerill.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know ;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their names. O most small fault !
How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew ?
Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place ; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear !*
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in. [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guileless, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord —
Hear, Nature, hear ; dear Goddess, hear a Father !
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful :
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A Babe to honour her ! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks: (5)
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your self to know of it:
 But let his disposition have that scope,
 That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
 Within a fortnight? —

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee — life and death! I am ashamed
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
 [To Gon.
 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them. — blasts and fogs upon
 thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so: I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think

(5) *With cadent Tears.*] Mr. Warburton very happily here
 suspects our Author wrote, *cadent*: as an Epithet of much more
 Energy, and more likely to effect *Lear's* Imprecation. He brings
 in Confirmation, what the King says presently after;

That these hot Tears, that break from me perforce,
 And what he says towards the End of the 4th Act:

————— *but I am bound*

Upon a Wheel of Fire, that mine own Tears
Do scald like molten Lead.

I have cast off for ever. [Ex. Lear and attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Gonerill,
To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oswald, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the fool
with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after.

[Exit:

Gon. This man hath had good counsel, — a hundred
[Knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy: Oswald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far; —

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have shew'd th' unsuitness —

Enter Steward.

How now, Oswald?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And hasten your return. [Exit Steward.

— No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then ———

Alb. Well, well, th' event.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *a Court-Yard belonging to the Duke
of Albany's Palace.*

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool.

Lear. GO you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters;
acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you know, than comes from her demand out of
the letter; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be
there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered
your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in
danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not
go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like
an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a
crab. Can't thou tell, why one's nose stands i'th' middle
of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy
into.

Lear. I did her wrong ———

Fool. Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason, why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! — monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wife.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.
[*Exeunt.*]





A C T II.

SCENE, *A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter Edmund and Curan, feverally.

E D M U N D.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his Dutches, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

[Exit.]

Edm. The Duke be here to night! the better! best! This weaves itself perforce into my business; My father hath set guard to take my brother, And I have one thing of a queazy question Which I must act: briefness, and fortune work! Brother, a word; descend; Brother, I say; —

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place, Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid; You've now the good advantage of the night — Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,

And

And *Regan* with him ; have you nothing said
Upon his Party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany* ?
Advise your self.

Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you. —
Draw, seem to defend your self,
Now quit you well ———
Yield ——— come before my father—light ho, here ! —
Fly, brother—Torches ! —so farewell — [*Exit Edg.*
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father ! father !
Stop, stop, no help ? ———

To him, Enter Glo'ster, and servants with torches.

Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon
To stand 's auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund* ?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he
could ———

Glo. Pursue him, ho ! go after. By no means, what ? —

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainst Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. — Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm ;
And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,
Bold in the quarrell's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught
 And found; dispatch—the noble Duke my master,
 My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night; (6)
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, who finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murth'rous coward to the stake:
 He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
 'Thou unpossessing Bastard! do'st thou think,
 If I would stand against thee; would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? no; what I should deny,—
 (As this I would, although thou didst produce
 My very character) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
 As thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death—
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it. [Trumpets within.]

Glo. O strange, fasten'd, villain!
 Would he deny his letter? — I never got him. —
 Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes—
 All Ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the Kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 (Loyal and natural Boy!) I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

(6) *My worthy Arch and Patron.* I can meet with no Authority of this Word used in this manner, to signify, my Prince; my Chief; but always as an epitatic Particle prefix'd and annex'd to another Noun: and therefore I have ventur'd to suppose a Transposition of the Copulative, and that we ought to read, *Arch-patron*, as *Arch-duke*, *Arch-angel*, *Arch-bishop*, &c.

Enter

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue th' offender; how does my lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death;
To have th' expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, *Regan*;

Edmund, I hear, that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord,

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. As for you, *Edmund*,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it self, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep Trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you —

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-ey'd night; (7)
 Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some prize,
 Wherein we must have use of your advice. —
 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
 Of diff'rences, which I best thought it fit
 To answer from our home: the sev'ral messengers
 From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
 Lay Comforts to your bosom; and bestow
 Your needful counsel to our businesses,
 Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
 Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend; art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats,
 a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound,
 filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, knave; a whorson, glass-gazing,

(7) ——— threading *dark-ey'd Night*.] I have not ventur'd
 to displace this Reading, tho' I have great Suspicion that the
 Poet wrote,

——— treading *dark ey'd night*.

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure, and means
 an Allusion. It must either be borrow'd from the Cant-phrase
 of *treading of Alleys*, i. e. going thro' bye-passages to avoid the
 high Streets; or to *treading a Needle in the dark*.

super-

super-servicable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a fop o'th' moonshine of you; you whorson, cullionly, barber-monger, draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away. I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King; and take Vanity, the Puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks ——— draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help! ———

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike.

[Beating him.]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder! ———

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part ———

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that strikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour; you cowardly rascal! nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. I, a tailor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail!——

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this shou'd wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain (8)
Too 'intrinsecate t'unloose: sooth every passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:

(8) *Like rats, oft bite the holy Cords atwaine,*
Which are t' intrince, t' unloose;] Thus the first Editors blunder'd this Passage into unintelligible Nonsense. Mr. Pope so far has disengag'd them, as to give us plain Sense; but by throwing out the Epithet *holy*, 'tis evident, he was not aware of the Poet's fine Meaning. I'll first establish and prove the Reading; then explain the Allusion. Thus the Poet gave it;

Like rats, oft bite the holy Cords in twain,

Too 'intrinsecate t'unloose——

It means, inward, hidden; perplex; as a Knot, hard to be unravell'd; it is deriv'd from the *Latin* adverb *intrinsecus*; from which the *Italians* have coin'd a very beautiful Phrase, *intrinsecarsi col uno*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our Author's Sense. *Kent* is rating the Steward, as a Parasite of *Gonerill's*; and supposes very justly, that he has fomented the Quarrel betwixt that Princess and her Father: in which Office, he compares him to a sacrilegious Rat: and by a fine Metaphor, as Mr. Warburton observed to me, files the Union between Parents and Children, the *holy Cords*.

Bring

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their masters;
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
 A plague upon your epileptick visage!
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
 Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow!

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
 Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor
 hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
 I have seen better faces in my time,
 Than stand on any shoulder that I see
 Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
 Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 A sawcy roughness; and constrains the garb,
 Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he, —
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
 An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
 Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
 Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
 On flickering *Phœbus*' front ———

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
 so much: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he, that be-
 guil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which
 for my part I will not be; though I should win your dis-
 pleasure to intreat me to't.

Corn.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him ?

Stew. I never gave him any :

It pleas'd the King his master very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstruction :
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,
Tript me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthied him ; got praises of the King,
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.

You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you ———

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King ;
On whose imployment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks ;
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon ! till night, my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same nature
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so ;
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't ; your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches
For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,

To

To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs——

[Kent is put in the Stocks.]

Come, my lord, away. *[Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.]*

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd
hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.

[Exit.]

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common Saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,

[Looking up to the moon.]

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery. I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course. I shall find time

From this enormous state, and seek to give

Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel.

[He sleeps.]

S C E N E *changes to a part of a Heath.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard my self proclaim'd;

And, by the happy hollow of a tree,

Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,

That Guard and most unusual vigilance

Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,

I will.

I will preserve my self: and am bethought
 To take the basest and the poorest shape,
 That ever Penury in contempt of man
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and president
 Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-coats and mills,
 Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
 Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygood!* poor *Tom!* —
 That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am.

S C E N E *changes, again, to the Earl of
 Glo'ster's Castle.*

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. **T**IS strange, that they should so depart from
 home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha! mak'st thou thy shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horses are ty'd
 by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by
 th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-
 lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy Place mistook,
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear, no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

'They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his mistress, salutation;
Deliver'd letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine;
(Being the very fellow, which of late
Display'd so saucily against your Highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that
way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours from
Thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart?
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
 But what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. All, that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking — let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That Sir, which serves for gain,
 And follows but for form,
 Will pack, when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the storm:
 But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool, that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' th' Stocks, fool.

Enter Lear and Glo'ster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? they're sick, they're weary,
 They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,
 The images of revolt and flying off.
 Bring me a better answer —

Glo. My dear lord,

You

You know the fiery quality of the Duke :
How unremovable, and fixt he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion ! —
Fiery ? what fiery quality ? why, *Glo'ster*,
I'd speak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ? dost thou understand me, man ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord ?

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the
dear father

Wou'd with his daughter speak ; commands her service :
Are they inform'd of this ? — my breath and blood ! —
Fiery ? the fiery duke ? tell the hot Duke, that —
No, but not yet ; may be, he is not well ;
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound ; we're not our selves,
When Nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear ;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. — Death on my state ! but wherefore
Should he sit here ? this Aēt persuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth ;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them :
Now, presently, — bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door. I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. Oh me, my heart ! my rising heart ! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels,
when she put them i' th' Pasty alive ; she rapt 'em o'th'
coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, down wantons, down ;
'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse
butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace ! [Kent is set at liberty.
Reg.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan*, I think, you are; I know, what reason I have to think so; if thou wert not glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adult'refs. O, are you free? [*To Kent.* Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*, Thy sister's naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here;

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, With how deprav'd a quality — oh *Regan*! —

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have Hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that? —

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation. If, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers; 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesom end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her! —

Reg. O Sir, you are old, Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you your Self: therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark, how this becomes the Use? (9)

(9) *Do you but mark how this becomes the House?*] This Phrase to me is unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose: Neither can it mean, as I conceive, how this becomes the Order of Families. *Lear* would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my Daughters Forgiveness become me as a Father, and agree with common Fashion, the establish'd Rule and Custom of Nature? It seems, therefore, no Doubt to me, but the Poet wrote, as I have alter'd the Text. And that *Shakespeare* employs *Use* in this Signification, is too obvious to want a Proof.

Dear

Dear daughter, I confess, that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary : On my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more ; these are unfightly tricks :
Return you to my sifter.

Lear. Never, *Regan* :
She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd blank upon me ; struck me with her tongue (10)
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful Top ! strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness ! ———

Corn. Fie, Sir ! fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun
To fall, and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods !
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse :
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. 'Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courtesie, dues of gratitude :
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. [*Trumpet within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' th' Stocks ?

(10) *Look'd black upon me,*] This is a Phrase which I do not understand ; neither have I any where else met with it. But to *look blank* is a known Expression, signifying, either to give discouraging Looks to another, or to stand dismay'd and disappointed one's-self. The Poet means here, that *Generill* gave him *cold Looks*, as he before phrases it in this play.

Enter

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easie-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.

Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my servant? *Regan*, I've good hope,
Thou didst not know on't. ——— Who comes here?

O Heav'ns,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway, (11)

Hallow obedience, if your selves are old,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part.

Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,

And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold? ——— how came my man i' th' Stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, seem so.

If, 'till the expiration of your month,

You will return and sojourn with my sister,

Dismissing half your train, come then to me;

I'm now from home, and out of that provision

(11) ——— if your sweet sway

Allow Obedience,] Could any Man in his Senses, and *Lear* has
'em yet, make it a Question whether Heaven allow'd Obedi-
ence? Undoubtedly, the Poet wrote. ——— Hallow Obedience, —
i. e. if by your Ordinances you hold and pronounce it sancti-
fied; and punish the Violators of it as sacrilegious Persons.

Mr. Warburton.

Which

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse (12)
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, against the enmity o' th' air,
Necessity's sharp pinch — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,
To keep base life a-foot; — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave, and sumpter,
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will. I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my sister;

(12) ————— and chuse
*To wage against the enmity o' the Air,
To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owl,
Necessity's sharp Pinch.*]

The Breach of the Sense here is a manifest Proof, that these Lines were transpos'd by the first Editors: Neither can there be any Syntax or Grammatical Coherence, unless we suppose *Necessity's sharp Pinch* to be the Accusative to *wage*. As I have plac'd the Verses, the Sense is fine and easy; and the Sentence compleat and finish'd.

For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number: how in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? if then they chanc'd to
slack ye,

We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number; must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked: Not being worst,
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts'. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
 You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
 You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you, that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
 O let not womens' weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall — I will do such things
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth: you think, I'll weep:
 No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping:
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt Lear, Glo'ster, Kent and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*]

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my Lord of *Glo'ster*?

Enter Glo'ster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth; — he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not
 whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds
 Do sorely ruffle, for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,

Must be their school-masters : shut up your doors ;
 He is attended with a desp'rate train ;
 And what they may incense him to, being apt
 To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.
 My *Regan* counsels well : come out o' th' storm.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T III.

S C E N E, *a Heath.*

*A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter
 Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.*

K E N T.

W H O's there, besides foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
 unquietly.

Kent. I know you ; where's the King ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements ;
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea ;
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change, or cease : tears his white hair ;
 (Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of)
 Strives in his little World of Man t' outscorn
 The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.
 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
 The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their furr dry ; unbonnetted he runs,
 And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the Fool, who labours to out-jeff
 His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
 And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There's division

(Al-

(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
 With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
 Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars (13)
 Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
 Which are to *France* the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes;
 Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 (Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings —)
 But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret sea
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner — Now to you,
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The King hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance of you,
 Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
 What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
 (As, fear not, but you shall) shew her that Ring,
 And she will tell you who this fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the King.

(13) *Who have, as who have not, —*] The eight subsequent Verses were degraded by Mr. *Pope*, as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be understood; and the Lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the Motives, upon which *France* prepar'd his Invasion; nor without them is the Sense of the Context compleat.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, (in which you take
That way, I this :) he that first lights on him,
Halloo the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once (14)
'That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is
better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle,
in, and ask thy daughters blessing: here's a night, that
pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall

(14) *Crack Nature's Mould, all Germains spill at once.*] Thus all the Editions have given us this Passage, and Mr. Pope has explain'd *Germains*, to mean *relations*, or *kindred Elements*. Then it must have been *germanes* (from the Latin Adjective, *germanus*;) a Word more than once used by our Author, tho' always false spelt by his Editors. But the Poet means here, "Crack Nature's Mould, and spill all the *Seeds of Matter*, that "are hoarded within it." To retrieve which Sense, we must write *Germins*; (a Substantive deriv'd from *Germen*, σπορά: as the old Glossaries expound it;) And to put this Emendation beyond all Doubt, I'll produce one Passage, where our Author not only uses the same Thought again, but the Word that ascertains my Explication. In *Winter's Tale*;

*Let Nature crush the Sides o' th' Earth together,
And marr the Seeds within.*

YOUR

Your horrible pleasure ; — here I stand, your slave ;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man !
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd.
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh ! oh ! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a
good head-piece :

The codpiece that will house, before the head has any,
The head and he shall lowse ; so beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should
make,

Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths
in a glass.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a
wife man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here ? things, that love night,
Love not such nights as these : the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,
And make them keep their Caves : since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou Perjure, and thou Simular of virtue,
That art incestuous : caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life ! — Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask

These dreadful summoners grace. — I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest,
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scantied courtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold my self. Where is the straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tynie wit,
With beigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this
hovel. [Exit.

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy, or ere I go;
When priests are more in words than matter,
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right,
No 'Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then shall the realm of *Albion*
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That Going shall be us'd with feet.

This

This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before his time. [Exit.]

SCENE, *An apartment in Glo'ster's castle.*

Enter Glo'ster, and Edmund.

Glo. A LACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural-dealing; when I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my closet:) these injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain a talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be reliev'd. There are strange things toward, *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesie, forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me:

That which my father loses; no less than all.

The younger rises, when the old doth fall: [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to a part of the Heath with a Hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. H E R E is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.

The tyranny o' the open night's too rough.
For nature to endure.

[Storm still.
Lear.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'th' mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all Feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? — But I'll punish home;
No, I will weep no more — In such a night,
To shut me out? — pour on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill*,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all —
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that —

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thy self; seek thine own ease;
This Tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On Things would hurt me more — but I'll go in;
In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty —
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep —
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? — O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take physick, Pomp;
Expose thy self to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just. [poor Tom.]

Edg. [within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit; help
me, help me. [The Fool runs out from the house.]

Kent.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says, his name's poor *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou, that dost grumble there i'th' straw ? come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a Madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters ? and art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom* ? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire ; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse, over four inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor, — bless thy five wits ; *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de ; ——— bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking ; do poor *Tom* some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. *[Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass ?

Could'st thou save nothing ? did'st thou give 'em all ?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er mens' faults, light on thy daughters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death ! traitor, nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?

Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill, halloo, halloo, loo, loo !

Fool.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array *Tom's a-cold.*

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackers, thy pen from lenders' books, and despise the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sessey*: let him trot by. [Storm still.]

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it self; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings; come, unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip: mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Saint.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the Wold, (15)
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch; aroynt thee..*

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Enter Glo'ster, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

*Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman; *Mode* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

(15) Swithold footed thrice the old,] What Idea the Editors had, or whether any, of footing the old, I cannot pretend to determine. My ingenious Friend Mr. Bishop saw it must be Wold, which signifies a Down, or champion Ground, hilly and void of Wood. And as to St. Witbold, we find him again mention'd in our Author's *Troublesome Reign of King John*, in two Parts:

*Sweet St. Withold, of thy Lenity,
Defend us from Extremity.*

T'obey

T' obey in all your Daughters' hard commands :
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
 Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
 And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First, let me talk with this Philosopher ;—
 What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer,
 Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban* :
 What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord ;
 His Wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ? [Storm still.
 His Daughters seek his death : ah, that good *Kent* !
 He said, it would be thus ; poor banish'd man ! —
 Thou say'st, the King grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,
 I'm almost mad my self ; I had a son,
 Now out-law'd from my blood ; he sought my life,
 But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,
 No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,
 The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this ?
 I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir :
 Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel ; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;
 I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take the
 fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian*.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,

His

His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a *British* man.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Glo'ster's Castle.*

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd,
that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears
me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? this is the letter, which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Glo'ster*: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our Apprehension.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — [*aside.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *a Chamber, in a Farm-house.*

Enter Kent and Glo'ster.

Glo. H E R E is better than the open Air, take it
thankfully: I will piece out the comfort
with what addition I can; I will not be long from you.
[*Exit.*
Kent.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend. (16)

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait.
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
Thou sapient Sir, sit here — now, ye she-foxes! —

Edg. Look, where she stands and glares. Wantest thou eyes
At tryal, Madam?

Come o'er the Broom, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her Boat hath a Leak, and she must not speak,
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in *Tom's* belly for two white Herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? stand you not so amaz'd;
Will you lye down, and rest upon the Cushions?

(16) *Fraterreto* calls me,] As Mr. *Pepe* had begun to insert several Speeches in the mad Way, in this Scene, from the Old Edition; I have ventur'd to replace several others, which stand upon the same Footing, and had an equal right of being restor'd.

Lear.

Lear. I'll see their tryal first, bring me in the evidence.

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are o'th' commission, sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly. —

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly Shepherd?

Thy Sheep be in the Corn;

And for one Blast of thy minikin Mouth,

Thy Sheep shall take no Harm.

Purre, the Cat, is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*. I here take my Oath before this honourable Assembly, she kick'd the poor King her Father.

Fool. Come hither, Mistress, is your name *Gonerill*?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt Looks proclaim

What store her Heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, sword, fire, — Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me—

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them; avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite:

Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,

Hound or spaniel, brache, or hym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,

Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: *Sessy*, come, march to wakes and fairs;
And

And market towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan*—see what breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say, they are *Persian*; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lye here and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains; So, so, we'll go to supper i'th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the King, my master?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms: I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready, lay him in't,

And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Opprest Nature sleeps: (17)

This Rest might yet have balm'd thy broken Senses,

Which, if Conveniency will not allow,

Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Master;

(17) ——— *opprest Nature sleeps:*] These two concluding Speeches by *Kent* and *Edgar*, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the Old Quarto. The Soliloquy of *Edgar* is extremely fine; and the Sentiments of it are drawn equally from Nature and the Subject. Besides, with Regard to the Stage it is absolutely necessary: For as *Edgar* is not design'd, in the Constitution of the Play, to attend the King to *Dover*; how absurd would it look for a Character of his Importance to quit the Scene without one Word said, or the least Intimation what we are to expect from him?

Thou

Thou must not stay behind.

[To Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our Betters see bearing our Woes,
We scarcely think our Miseries our Foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i'th' Mind;
Leaving free things, and happy Shows behind:
But then the Mind much Suff'rance does o'erskip,
When Grief hath Mates, and Bearing Fellowship.
How light, and portable, my pain seems now,
When That, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd! — *Tom*, away;
Mark the high Noises, and thyself bewray,
When false Opinion, whose wrong Thought defiles thee,
In thy just Proof repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will, hap more to Night; safe 'scape the King!
Lurk, Lurk. ————— [Exit Edgar.

S C E N E *changes to Glo'ster's Castle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and
Servants.

Corn. **P**OST speedily to my lord your husband,
shew him this letter; the army of *France* is
landed; seek out the traitor *Glo'ster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund*, keep
you our sister company; the revenges, we are bound to
take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your
beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to
a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like.
Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us.
Farewel, dear sister; farewel, my lord of *Glo'ster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew.

Stew. My lord of *Glo'ster* hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his Knights,
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who with some other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Gon. and Edm.*]

Corn. *Edmund*, farewel: — go seek the traitor *Glo'ster*;
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'sie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

Enter Glo'ster, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends,
consider.

You are my Guests: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt
find —

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuse thee; I'm your Host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors.

Late,

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatic King? speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning ———

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To *Dover*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Wast thou not charg'd, at peril ———

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? let him first answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the
course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires; (18)
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, "go, porter, turn the key;
All cruels else subscrib'd; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Glo'ster is held down, while Cornwall treads out
one of his eyes.*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help. ——— O cruel! O you gods!

(18) *And quench'd the stelled fires.*] The sagacious Editors
have all blunder'd in this Word without the least Variation: It
is indisputable, that the Author must have wrote,

And quench'd the stelled fires.

i. e. the starry Fires; an adjective coin'd from *Stella*.

Reg.

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance ———

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I've serv'd you, ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Fight; in the Scuffle Cornwall is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

[*Kills him.*]

Serv. Oh, I am slain ——— my lord, you have one
eye left

To see some mischief on him. Oh ——— [Dies.]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
Where is thy lustre now? [Treads the other out.]

Glo. All dark and comfortless ——— where's my son
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain.

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee: It was he,
That made the overture of thy treasons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out

At gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with Glo'ster.*]

How is't, my lord, how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady. —

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghil. — *Regan*, I bleed apace.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit Corn. led by Regan.*]

1st. *Serv.*

1st. Serv. I'll never care what Wickedness I do (19)
If this Man come to Good.

2^d. Serv. If she live long,
And, in the End, meet the old course of Death,
Women will all turn Monsters.

1st. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the
Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish Madness
Allows itself to any Thing.

2^d. Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some Flax and whites
of Eggs
T' apply to's bleeding Face. Now, Heaven help him!
[*Excunt severally.*]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *an open Country.*

Enter E D G A R.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

(19) *I'll never care what Wickedness I do,*] This short Dialogue I have inserted from the Old Quarto, because I think it full of Nature. Servants, in any House, could hardly see such a Barbarity committed on their Master, without Reflexions of Pity; and the Vengeance that they presume must overtake the Actors of it, is a Sentiment and Doctrine well worthy of the Stage.

Enter

Enter Glo'ter, led by an old man.

But who comes here ?

My father poorly led ? World, world, O world ! (20)
But that thy strange Mutations make us wait thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away : good friend, be gone ;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes :
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us ; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities. — O dear son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused father's wrath ;
Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again !

Old Man. How now ? who's there ?

Edg. O Gods ! who is't can say, I'm at the worst ?
I'm worse, than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet : the worst is not,
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

(20) ——— *World, World, O World !*

But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,] The Reading of this Passage, as it has thus stood in all the Editions, has been endeavour'd to be explain'd severally into a Meaning ; but not satisfactorily. Mr. *Pope's* mock-reasoning upon it has already been rallied in Print, so I forbear to revive it : and the Gentleman, who then advanced a Comment of his own upon the Passage, has since come over to my Emendation. My Explanation of the Poet's Sentiment was, " If the Number of Changes and Vicissitudes, which happen in Life, did not make us wait, and hope for some Turn of Fortune for the better, we could never support the Thought of living to be Old, on any other Terms." And our Duty, as human Creatures, is piously inculcated in this Reflexion of the Author.

Old.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw ;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My son
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods ;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be ?

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring it self and others.—Bless thee, master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Get thee away : if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some Covering for this naked foul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the
blind :

Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom's* a-cold ; — I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I must ;

Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to *Dover* ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path :
poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless
thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have
been in poor *Tom* at once ; of Lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hob-*
bididen, Prince of dumbness ; *Mahu*, of stealing ; *Mobu*,
of murder ; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mow-
ing ;

ing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery, thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, and Edmund.

Gon. **W**ELCOME, my lord. I marvel, our mild
husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him, you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster's* treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
 It is the cowish terrour of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
 Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way
 May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother,
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
 Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
 Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear *Glo'ster*! [Exit Edmund.
 Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!
 To thee a woman's services are due,
 My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
 Blows in your face, — I fear your disposition:
 That Nature, which contemns its origine,
 Cannot be border'd certain in it self;
 She that herself will fliver, and dis-branch,
 From her maternal sap, perforce must wither, (21)
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;

(21) *From her material Sap,*] Thus the old Quarto; but
material Sap, I own, is a Phrase that I don't understand. The
Mother-Tree is the true technical Term; and considering, our
 Author has said but just above, *That Nature, which contemns its*
Origine, there is little room to question but he wrote, —
From her maternal Sap.

Filths favour but themselves—What have you done ?
 Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded.
 Cou'd my good Brother suffer you to do it,
 A man, a Prince by him so benefited ?
 If that the heav'ns do not their visible Spirits
 Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
 Humanity must perforce prey on it self,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour, from thy suffering : that not know'st,
 Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy Drum ?
France spreads his Banners in our noiseless land,
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats ;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
 “ Alack ! why does he so ? ———

Alb. See thy self, devil :

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou chang'd, and self-converted thing ! For
 shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
 To let these hands obey my [boiling] blood,
 They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones, — Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.——

Gon. Marry, your manhood now ! ——

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Oh, my good lord, the Duke of *Cornwall's* dead :
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 'The other eye of *Glo'ster*.

Alb. *Glo'ster's* eyes !

Mes. A servant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act ; bending his sword

To

To his great master : who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You Justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ster* !
Lost he his other eye ?

Mef. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer :
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. One way, I like this well ;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes ?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mef. No, my good lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mef. Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against
him,

And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. *Glo'ster*, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
'Tell me, what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, D O V E R.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. **T**HE King of *France* so suddenly gone back !
Know you the reason ?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the Kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his Return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. I, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a Queen Over her passion, which, most rebel-like, Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her. ———

Gent. But not to Rage. Patience and Sorrow strove Which should express her goodliest; you have seen Sun-shine and rain at once: — her Smiles and Tears (22) Were like a wetter May. Those happiest smiles, That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her Eyes; which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropt. — In brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, she heav'd the Name of
Father

Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.

Cry'd, sisters! sisters! — Shame of Ladies! sisters!

Kent! Father! Sisters! what? i'th' storm? i'th' night?

Let Pity ne'er believe it! — there she shook

The holy water from her heav'nly Eyes;

And, Clamour-motion'd, then away she started (23)
To

(22) ——— *her Smiles and Tears*

Were like a better day.] Mr. Pope, who thought fit to restore this Scene from the old Quarto, tacitly sunk this Passage upon us, because he did not understand it. Indeed, it is corrupt; and he might have done himself some Honour in attempting the Cure; but *Rhyme* and *Criticism*, he has convinc'd us, do not always center in the same Person. My Friend Mr. Warburton with very happy Sagacity struck out the Emendation, which I have inserted in the Text.

(23) *And Clamour-moisten'd,*] This Passage, again, Mr. Pope sunk upon us; and for the same Reason, I suppose. Mr.
Warburton

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. — It is the Stars,

The Stars above us, govern our conditions :

Else one self-mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent issues. Spoke you with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir ; the poor distressed *Lear's* in town ;
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about ; and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir ?

Kent. A sov'reign shame so bows him ; his unkindness,
That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters ; These things sting him
So venomously, that burning shame detains him
From his *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of *Albany's*, and *Cornwall's* Pow'rs you heard
not ?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,

Warburton discover'd likewise, that this was corrupt : for tho' *Clamour*, (as he observes,) may distort the Mouth, it is not wont to moisten the Eyes. But *clamour-motioned* conveys a very beautiful Idea of Grief in *Cordelia*, and exactly in Character. She bore her Grief hitherto, says the Relater, in Silence ; but being no longer able to contain it, and wanting to vent it in Groans and Cries, she flies away and retires to her Closet to deal with it in private. This He finely calls, *Clamour-motion'd* ; or provok'd to a loud Expression of her Sorrow, which drives her from Company ! — It is not impossible, but *Shakespeare* might have form'd this fine Picture of *Cordelia's* Agony from Holy Writ, in the Conduct of *Joseph* ; who, being no longer able to restrain the Vehemence of his Affection, commanded all his Retinue from his Presence ; and then wept aloud, and discover'd himself to his Brethren.

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in Concealment wrap me up awhile :
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a CAMP.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. **A**LACK, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vext sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds, (24)
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense,
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phys. There are means, Madam :
Our foster nurse of nature is repose ;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

(24) *Crown'd with rank Fenitar ;*] There is no such Herb,
or Weed, that I can find, of *English* Growth; tho' all the Co-
pies agree in the Corruption. I dare say, I have restor'd its
right Name; and we meet with it again in our Author's
Henry V. and partly in the same Company as we have it
here;

————— *ber fallow Leas*

The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory

Do root upon.

For this Weed is call'd both *Fumitory* and *Fumiterr*, nearer to
the *French* Derivation *Fume-terre* : which the Latin Shopmen
term *Fumaria*. I observe, in *Chaucer* it is written *Femetere*; by a
Corruption either of the Scribe, or of vulgar Pronunciation;
if of the latter, it might from thence easily slide, in progress of
time, into *Fenitar*,

Cor:

Cor. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Virtues of the Earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's distress! seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, Madam:
The *British* Pow'rs are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great *France*
My Mourning and important Tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! *[Exit.*

S C E N E, Regan's P A L A C E.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. BUT are my Brother's Powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ign'rance, *Gloster's* eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: moreover, to descry

The strength o'th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to morrow : stay with us :
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam ;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund* ? might not
you
Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something——I know not what——I'll love thee
much——

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather ——

Reg. I know, your lady do's not love her husband :
I'm sure of that ; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange æliads, and most speaking looks
To noble *Edmund*. I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding : you are ; I know't ;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.
My lord is dead ; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's : you may gather more :
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewell.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I should
shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *the Country, near Dover.*

Enter Glo'ster, and Edgar as a Peasant.

Glo. **W**Hen shall I come to th' top of that same hill ?
Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how
we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark,

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure, you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place——stand still.
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one, that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:

Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your sights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,
 My snuff and loathed part of nature should
 Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live, O blefs him!
 Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life it self
 Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
 By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
 Ho! you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! speak!
 Thus might he pass, indeed—yet he revives.
 What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but Gossamer, feathers,
 air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou'd'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
 Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art sound?
 Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.
 Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!
 Look up a-height, the shrill-gorg'd Lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
 Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
 To end it self by death? 'twas yet some comfort,
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.

Up, so—how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
 Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that,
 Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here, below, methought, his eyes
 Were

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out it self,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend —— he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, dress'd madly with flowers.

But who comes here?

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning: I am
the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your
pres-mony. (25) That fellow handles his bow like a
crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look,
a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will
do't—there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant.
Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, Barb! (26)
i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh.——Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

(25) *That Fellow handles his Bow like a Cowkeeper.*] Thus
Mr. Pope in his last Edition; but, I am afraid, I betray'd him
into the Error by an absurd Conjecture of my own, in my
SHAKESPEARE restored. 'Tis certain we must read *Crowkeeper*
here; and, it seems, in several Counties to this Day, they call
a stuff'd Figure, representing a Man, and arm'd with a Bow
and Arrow, (set up to fright the Crows, and other Birds of
Prey, from the Fruit and Corn;) a *Crowkeeper*; as well as a
Scare-crow.

(26) *O well flown Bird,*] *Lear* is here raving of *Archery*, and
shooting at *Butts*, as is plain by the Words *i'th' Clout*, that is,
the *white* Mark they set up and aim at: hence the Phrase, to
hit the White. So that We must certainly read, *O well-flown*,
Barb! i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* Arrow. Mr. Warburton.

Lear.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill!* hah! *Regan!* they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To fay ay, and no, to every thing that I faid—Ay, and no, too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.

When I do stare, fee, how the fubject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was the caufe?

Adultery? thou fhalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the fmall gilded flie does letcher in my fight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ster's* baftard-son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful fheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack foldiers. Behold yond fimpering Dame, whose face 'tween her forks prefages fnow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleafure's name. The fitchew, nor the foyled horfe, goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the wafte they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darknefs, there is the fulphurous pit, burning, fcaiding, ftench, confumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to fweeten my imagination! there's mony for thee.

Glo. O, let me kifs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firft, it fmelles of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world Shall fo wear out to nought. Dof thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doft thou fquiny at me? no, do thy worft, blind *Cupid*; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purse? your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see, how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change Places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office. —

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
For which thou whip'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. [so.]

Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, harder,

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster*;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We

We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee : mark —

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools. — This a good block ! —
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with Felt ; I'll put't in proof ;
And when I've stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him ; Sir,
Your most dear daughter —

Lear. No rescue ? what, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? all my self ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt ;
To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom. What ? I will be jovial :
Come, come, I am a King. My Masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
You shall get it by running : fa, fa, fa, fa. [*Exit.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your Will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar ; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army ?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot : the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir : That's all.

Gent.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [Exit.

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me ;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks ;
The bounty and the benison of heav'n
To boot, and boot ! —

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thy self remember : the sword is out,
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? hence,
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, without vurther 'cation:

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor
volk pass : and chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life,
'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near th' old man : keep out, che vor'ye,
or ice try whether your costard or my bat be the harder ;
chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghil !

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir : come, no matter vor
your foyns. [Edgar knocks him down.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me : villain, take my purse ;
If

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
 And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
 To *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ster*: seek him out
 Upon the *English* party: Oh, untimely death!— [Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable villain;
 As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress,
 As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: rest you.
 Let's see these pockets; the letters, that he speaks of,
 May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry,
 He had no other death's-man. Let us see —
 By your leave, gentle wax — and manners blame us not:
 To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
 Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal Vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate Servant,
Gonerill.

Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's Will!
 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
 And the exchange my brother. Here, i' th' sands
 Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified
 Of murth'rous lechers: and in the mature time,
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense,
 That I stand up, and have ingenious Feeling
 Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract,
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;

[Drum afar off.]

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

Edg.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*, how shall I live and work
To match thy Goodness? life will be too short,
And ev'ry measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited ;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent ;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so,
My lord. — How does the King? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind Gods !
Cure this great breach in his abused nature ;
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.

Phys. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the king, he hath slept long ?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' sway of your own will : is he array'd ?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.

Phys. Ay, Madam ; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father ! Restauration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters

Have

Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dearest Princess!

Cor. Had you not been their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted Thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble Stroke
Of quick, cross Lightning? To watch poor *Perdue*,
With this thin Helm? My very Enemy's Dog,
Though he had bit me, shou'd have stood That Night
Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor Father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide —

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?
I'm mightily abus'd; I should even die with Pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see,
I feel this pin-prick: 'would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: For I'm mainly ignorant,

What

What place this is ; and all the skill I have,
Remembers not these garments ; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am ; I am. ——— [weep not.

Lear. Be your tears wet ? yes, faith ; I pray you,
If you have poison for me, I will drink it ;
I know, you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in *France* ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam ; the great Rage,
You see, is cur'd in him : — and, yet, 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the Time, h'as lost.
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me ;
Pray you now, forget and forgive ;
I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Cord. Phys. and Attendants.

Manent Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of *Cornwall*
was so slain ?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is Conductor of his people ?

Kent. As 'tis said, the Bastard Son of *Gloucester*.

Gent. They say, *Edgar*, his banisht Son, is with the
Earl of *Kent* in *Germany*.

Kent. Report is changeable ; 'Tis time to look about :
the Powers of the Kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The Arbitrement is like to be bloody. ———
Fare you well, Sir. [Exit Gent.

Kent. My Point and Period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought. [Ex. Kent.

A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, *a Camp.*

Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

EDMUND.

K NOW of the Duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught,
To change the course? he's full of Alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her; dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; she, and the Duke her husband —

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather lose the Battle, than that Sister
Should loosen him and Me ——— [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met:
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this business,
It toucheth us, as *France* invades our Land,
(Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose,) —

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your Tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' Antient of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you: — speak.

[Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[Exit.]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers.
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,

If

If both remain alive: to take the widow,
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonerill*;
 And hardly shall I carry out my fide,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

S C E N E, another open Field.

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours. Lear, Cordelia, and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.

Edg. **H** E R E, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good Host; pray, that the right
 may thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [Exit Edgar.
[Alarum, and retreat, within.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;
 King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,
 Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men must endure
 Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
 Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

*Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund;
 Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some Officers take them away; good guard,
 Until their greater pleasures first be known,

That

That are to censure them.

Cor. We're not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst :
For thee, oppress'd King, am I cast down ;
My self could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no ; come, let's away to prison ;
We two alone will sing, like birds i'th' cage :
When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee Forgiveness : so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies ; and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out :
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of Great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such Sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?
He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes ; wipe thine eye,
The good-jers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep ; we'll see them starv'd first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note ; go, follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes : know thou this, that men
Are as the time is ; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a sword ; My great Employment (27)
Will

(27) ——— thy great Employment

Will not bear Question ;] All the Copies concur in reading
thus ; but, without doubt, erroneously. The Person, whom
Edmund is here speaking to, was of no higher Degree than a
Captain ; and therefore, certainly, accountable to his Superiors.
Edmund, 'tis plain, must mean ; “ I leading one of the Cor-

Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do't ;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'lt done.
Mark, I say, instantly ; and carry it so,
As I have set it down. [*Exit Captain.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well : you have the Captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosoms on his side ;
And turn our imprest launces in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen ;
My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your Session. At this time,
We sweat and bleed ; the Friend hath lost his Friend ;
And the best Quarrels, in the Heat, are curst
By those that feel their Sharpness. ———
The Question of *Cordelia*, and her Father,
Requires a fitter Place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a Subject of this war,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Pow'rs ;
Bore the Commission of my Place and Person ;

“ querors' Forces, and having employ'd thee in this Business,
“ will be thy sufficient Warrant, and will secure Thee from
“ being question'd about it.”

The

The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call it self your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my Right,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Holla, Holla !

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the World, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The Lett alone lyes not in your good Will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my Title thine.

Alb. Stay yet ; hear reason : *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capital treason ; and, in thy Arrest,
This gilded Serpent ; for your Claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude ! —

Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ster* ; let the trumpet sound ;
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my Pledge : I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick —

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

[*Afide.*

Edm. There's my exchange ; what in the world he is,

That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies ;
 Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,
 On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain
 My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

Enter a Herald.

Trust to thy single virtue ; for thy soldiers,
 All levied in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.

[Exit Reg. led.]

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet sound,
 And read out this. *[A trumpet sounds.]*

Herald reads.

*IF any man of Quality, or Degree, within the lists of
 the army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl
 of Glo'ster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear
 by the third sound of the trumpet : he is bold in his defence.*

1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers, within.]

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
 Upon this Call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you ?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
 This present summons ?

Edg. Know, my name is lost ;
 By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit ;
 Yet am I noble, as the Adversary
 I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary ?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund Earl of
 Glo'ster ?

Edm.

Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine: —
Behold, it is the privilege of mine Honours,
My Oath, and my Profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th' extreamest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, no;
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In Wisdom I should ask thy name;
But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'Say of Breeding breathes;
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where thou shalt rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarm. Fight.*]

Gon. O, save him, save him; This is Practice,

Glo'ster: (28)

By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,

(28) *Alb.* *Save him, save him.*

Gon. *This is Practice, Glo'ster:*] Thus all the Copies have distinguish'd these Speeches: but I have ventur'd to place the two Hemistichs to *Gon. vill.* 'Tis absurd, that *Albany*, who knew *Edmund's* Treasons, and his own Wife's Passion for him, should be solicitous to have his Life sav'd.

Or with this paper shall I stop it ;
Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil :
No tearing, lady ; I perceive, you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do ; the Laws are mine, not thine ;
Who can arraign me for't ?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not, what I know — [Exit *Gon.*

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, That I have
done,

And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I : but what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity :
I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund* ;
If more, the more thou'lt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us :
'The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'lt spoken right, 'tis true,
'The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gate did prophesie
A royal Nobleness : I must embrace thee : —
Let Sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your self ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale,
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst ! —
'The bloody Proclamation to escape
'That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !
'That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags ; t'assume a Semblance,
The very Dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their

Their precious gems new lost ; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
 Never (O fault !) reveal'd my self unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
 Alack, too weak the Conflict to support,
 'Twixt two extreames of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good ; but speak you on,
 You look, as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. — This would have seem'd a Period,
 To such as love not Sorrow : but Another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top Extremity ! —
 Whilst I was big in Clamour, came there a Man,
 Who having seen me in my worser State,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd Society ; but now finding
 Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong Arms
 He fasten'd on my Neck ; and bellow'd out,
 As he'd burst Heaven ; threw him on my Father ;
 Told the most piteous Tale of *Lear* and him,
 That ever Ear receiv'd ; which in recounting
 His Grief grew puissant, and the Strings of Life
 Began to crack. — Twice then the Trumpets sounded,
 And there I left him traunc'd. —

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. *Kent*, Sir ; the banish'd *Kent*, who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy King, and did him Service
 Improper for a Slave.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks ; it came even from the heart
Of — O ! she's dead. —

Alb. Who's dead ? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady ; and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out.*

This Judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
'Touches us not with pity. — O ! is this He ?
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night ;
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King ? and where's *Cordelia* ?
See'st thou this Object, *Kent* ?

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew her self.

Alb. Even so ; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life ; some Good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
(Be brief) into the Castle ; for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia* :
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run —

Edg. To whom, my lord ? who has the office ? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my sword,
Give it the Captain —

Edg. Haste thee for thy life.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Edm. He hath Commission from thy wife and me

To

To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The Gods defend her ! bear him hence a while.
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl, — O, you are men
of stone ;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
'That heaven's vault should crack : she's gone for ever !
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth ! lend me a looking-glass,
If that her Breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd End ?

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives ; if it be so,
It is a Chance which do's redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master !

[*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away —

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murth'rous traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha ! —

What is't thou say'st ? her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave, that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you ?
Mine eyes are none o'th' best. — I'll tell you strait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not *Kent* ?

Kent. The same ; your servant *Kent* ;
Where is your servant *Caius* ?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that, (29)
He'd strike, and quickly too: — he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man, —

Lear. I'll see that strait.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps ———

Lear. You're welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; — all's cheerless, dark, and
dead:

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger,

Mess. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What Comfort to this great Decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old Majesty,
To him our absolute Power: to you, your Rights,
[To Edgar.

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
'The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings: O see, see ———

Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never ———

(29) He's a good Fellow, I can tell you that,

He'll strike and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.] We have
seen Lear mad; but, never, a stark Fool till this Moment; to
tell us, that a dead and rotten Man will strike quickly. But
it was a Stupidity of the Editors, and not chargeable on the
Poet.

Pray

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there ——— [He dies.

Edg. He faints; my lord, ———

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! He hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present business
Is general woe: friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State sustain.

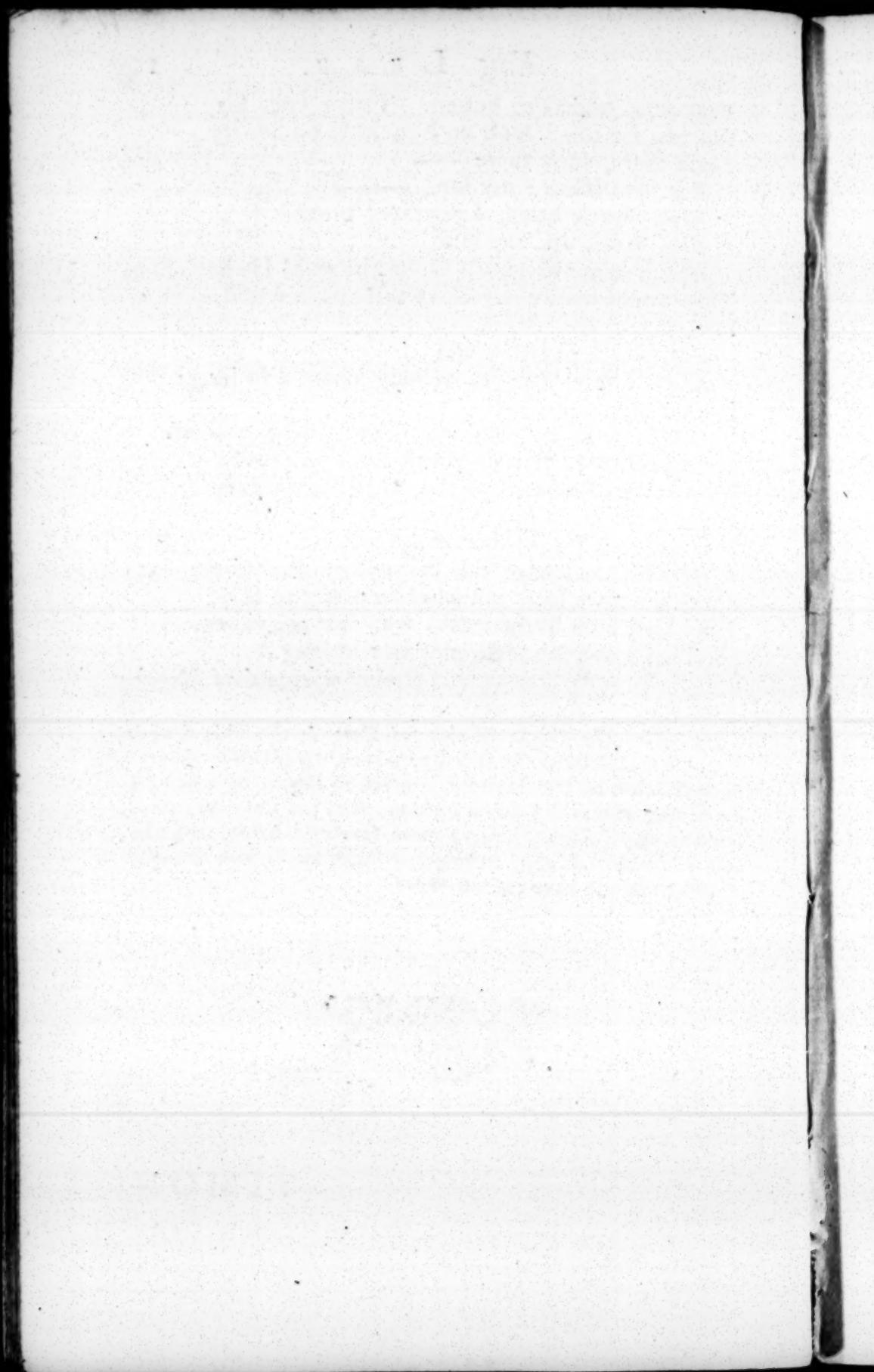
Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me; I must not say, no. [Dies.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey, (30)
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt with a dead March.

(30) Alb. *The Weight of this sad Time, &c.*] This Speech
from the Authority of the Old Quarto is rightly plac'd to *Albany*:
in the Edition by the Players it is given to *Edgar*, by whom, I
doubt not, it was of Custom spoken. And the Case was this:
He who play'd *Edgar*, being a more favourite Actor, than he
who personated *Albany*; in Spight of Decorum, it was thought
proper he should have the last Word.







H. Gravelot in Vol. 6. P. 109.

G. Vander Gucht Scul.



T I M O N

O F

A T H E N S.





Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *A noble Athenian.*

Lucius, }
Lucullus, } *two flattering Lords.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius, }
Lucilius, } *Timon's servants.*

Servilius, }
Caphis, }
Varro, }
Philo, } *several Servants to Usurers.*
Titus, }
Lucius, }
Hortensius, }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia, }
Timandra, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer
and Merchant; with divers servants and attendants.*

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods not far
from it.





TIMON *of* ATHENS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and
Mercer, at several doors.*

P O E T.



GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how
goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold Record not matches? see,
(Magick of Bounty!) all these Spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue goodness.

He passes —

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't:
For the lord *Timon*, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking on the jewel.

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some Work, some dedica-
tion

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing flipt idly from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes it self, — and like the current flies
Each Bound it chafes. What have you there? (1)

Pain. A picture, Sir:—when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir,
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch — is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors Nature; artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

(1) *Each Bound it chafes*,---] How, *chafes*? The Flood, indeed, beating up upon the Shore, covers a Part of it, but cannot be said to drive the Shore away. The Poet's Allusion is to a Wave, which, foaming and chafing on the Shore, breaks; and then the Water seems to the Eye to retire.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The Senators of *Athens*! happy man! (2)

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visiters,
I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particular, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax; no levell'd malice
Infects one Comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their Service to lord *Timon*: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon*'s nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states; amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,

(2) *Happy Men*!] Thus the printed Copies: but I cannot think the Poet meant, that the Senators were happy in being admitted to *Timon*; their Quality might command That: but that *Timon* was happy in being follow'd, and care's'd, by those of their Rank and Dignity.

One

One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' Scope. (3)
This throne, this *Fortune*, and this Hill, methinks,
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on :
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides ; his lobbies fill with tendance ;
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear ;
Make sacred even his stirrop ; and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his Dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

(3) 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope

This Throne, this Fortune, &c.] Thus all the Editors hitherto have nonsensically writ, and pointed, this Passage. But, sure, the Painter would tell the Poet, your Conception, Sir, hits the very Scope you aim at. This the *Greeks* would have render'd, τὸ σκοπὸν τυχεῖς, rectè ad Scopum tendis : and *Cicero* has thus express'd on the like Occasion, Signum oculis destinatum feris.

Trumpets

*Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*

Mef. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well ———
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have, I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happiness to your Honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*! ———

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well? what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,

And

And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
My self have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon.* (4)
His honesty rewards him in it self,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may
That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exeunt Luc. and old Ath.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

(4) *Therefore he will be, Timon.*] The Thought is closely
express'd, and obscure: but this seems the Meaning. "If the
" Man be honest, my Lord, for that reason he will be so in
" this; and not endeavour at the Injustice of gaining my
" Daughter without my Consent." *Mr. Warburton.*

Tim.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the natural man :
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but out-side : pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work ;
And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman ; Give me your hand,
We must needs dine together : Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ? dispraise ?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations :
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give : but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their masters priz'd ; Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord, he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid ?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus* !

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow ;
When thou art *Timon*'s dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st
them not ?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians* ?

Tim. Yes.

Apem.

118 TIMON of ATHENS.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus*?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the Painter: and
yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she,
if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So, thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking — How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where
thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem.

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Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy self?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord.—(5)
Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us;
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence,
'Till I have thank't you: and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*]

Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve your supple joints! that there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesie! the strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my longing, and I feed

(5) *That I had no angry Wit to be a Lord.*] This Reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restor'd the Text, it is satirical enough of all Conscience, and to the purpose: viz. I would hate myself, for having no more Wit than to covet so insignificant a Title. In the same Sense *Shakespeare* uses *lean-witted*, in his *Richard 2d*.

And thou a lunatick, lean-witted, Fool. Mr. Warburton.

Most

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time (6)

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Lucul. Thou art going to lord *Timon's* feast.

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thy self, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy self.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or—I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' afs.

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste lord *Timon's* bounty?

He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,
Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it self; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a Return exceeding
All use of quittance.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

(6) *Ere we depart*,—] Tho' the Editions concur in this Reading, it is certainly faulty. Who *depart*? Tho' *Alcibiades* was to leave *Timon*, *Timon* was not to depart from his own House. Common Sense favours my Emendation.

S C E N E

SCENE, another Apartment in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing, loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly.

Ven. **M**OST honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the Gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest *Ventidius*: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our Betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults, that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They sit down.*]

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, *Apemantus*! you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome. I come
to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They say, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself:
For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon*; I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome; I my self would have no power—pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And, all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men!
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.
Were I a Great Man, I should fear to drink,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire: This and my food are equal, there's no odds; Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but my self;
Grant, I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;*

Or

*Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen ; So fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good dich thy heart, *Apemantus* !

Tim. Captain *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then ; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em !

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think our selves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to my self, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em ? they would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wisht my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you : we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born ; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon*.

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

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Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter servant.

Ser. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with a Masque of Ladies, as Amazons.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taste! the five best Senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table
rise, (7)

These only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all: let 'em have kind admittance.

Let musick make their welcome.

(7) *There taste, touch, all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:*

They only now ———] The incomparable Emendation, with which the Text is here supply'd, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. The five Senses, as he observes, are talk'd of by *Cupid*, but only Three of them made out; and those in a very heavy, unintelligible Manner. But now you have them all, and the Poet's Sense, compleat, viz. The five Senses, *Timon*, acknowledge thee their Patron; Four of them, the Hearing, the Touch, the Taste, and Smell, are all regaled at your Board; and these Ladies come with me to entertain your Sight, in presenting a Masque.

Luc.

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Luc. You see, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance, they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life;

As this pomp shews to a little oyl and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport our selves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spight and envy —

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift? —

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me: 'T has been done;

Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;
each singling out an Amazon, and all dance, men
with women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys,
and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind:

You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device.

I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.

Please you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my lord. [Exeunt.

Tim. Flavius, —

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet? there is no crossing him in's humour,

Else I should tell him—well—i'faith, I should,

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When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could : (8)
'Tis pity, Bounty has not eyes behind ;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Lucul. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Luc. Our Horses.

Tim. O my good friends !

I have one word to say to you ; look, my lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel, accept and wear it,
Kind my lord !

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts ———

All. So are we all. [*Ex. Lucius, Lucullus, &c.*]

Enter a servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word ;
it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ! Why then another time I'll hear thee.

I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

(8) — *he'd be cross'd then if he could :*] The Poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd*, or thwarted in his Humour ; but that he would have his Hand *cross'd*, as we say, with Money, if he could. He is playing on the Word, and alluding to our old Silver-penny, used before K. Edward the first his Time, which had a *Cross* on the Reverse with a Crease, that it might be more easily broke into Halves and Quarters, *Half-pence* and *Fartbings*. From this Penny, and other subsequent Pieces that bore the like Impress, was our common Expression deriv'd, *I have not a Cross about me* ; i. e. not a Piece of Money. I thought, this Note might not be unnecessary, because it serves to explain several other Passages, where the Poet has *punn'd* on this Term.

Enter

Enter another servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your Honour, lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses trap in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third servant.

How now ? what news ?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to ? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer : Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To shew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good ; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes for ev'ry word : He is so kind, that he pays interest for't : His land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd ! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.]

Tim. You do your selves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on.

'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord : I know no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my friend's affection with my own ; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee ; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch field.

Alc. I desire land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound ———

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd ———

Tim. All to you. Lights ! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,
Keep with you, lord *Timon* ———

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums !
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs ;
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'fies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing ; for if I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,
Timon, (9) I fear me, thou wilt give away thy self in
proper

(9) *I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.*
i. e. be ruin'd by his Securities entred into. But this Sense, as
Mr. Warburton observes, is cold ; and relishes very little of that
Salt which is in *Apemantus*'s other Reflections. He proposes,
—— give away thy self in proper shortly.

i. e. in Person ; thy proper Self. This latter is an Expression
of

proper shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better musick.

Apem. So——thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.

I'll lock thy heaven from thee:

Oh, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.



A C T II.

S C E N E, *A publick place in the City.*

Enter a Senator.

S E N A T O R.

AND late, five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Ifidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a Beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horse to *Timon*;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horse. No porter at his gate, (10)

But

of our Author's in the *Tempest*;

*And ev'n with such like Valour Men bang and drown
Their proper selves,*

(10) *Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight*

An able horse,] The Stupidity of this Corruption will be very obvious, if we take the whole Context together. "If I want Gold, (says the Senator) let me steal a Beggar's Dog, and give it to *Timon*, the Dog coins me Gold. If I would sell

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But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by it. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceas't
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with
"Commend me to your master — and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: — but tell him, firrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
Who flashes now a Phoenix — Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir? — Take the bonds along with you, (11)
And

"my horse, and had a Mind to buy ten better instead of him;
"why, I need but give my Horse to *Timon*, to gain this Point;
"and it presently fetches me an horse." But is that gaining
the Point propos'd? Sense and Reason warrant the Reading,
that I have restor'd to the Text. The first *Folio* reads, less cor-
ruptly than the modern Impressions,

— And able Horses. —

Which Reading, join'd to the Reasoning of the Passage, gave
me the Hint for this Emendation.

(11) ——— take the Bonds along with you,
And have the Dates in. Come.] The Absurdity of this Passage
is so glaring, that one cannot help wondering, None of our
Poet's

And have the dates in Compt.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Timon's Hall.*

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. NO care, no stop? so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot? Takes no account
How things go from him, and resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never Mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? — he will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Ifidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Cap. It is; and your's too, *Ifidore*?

Ifid. It is so.

Cap. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.
My *Alcibiades*, — Well, what's your Will?

[*They present their bills.*]

Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Poet's Editors should have been sagacious enough to stumble at it. Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was enter'd into: And these Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their Payment was laps'd. The *Senator's* Charge to his Servant must be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; *viz.* Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Interest due upon them,

Tim.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days, this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my lord —

Tim. Contain thy self, good friend.

Var. One *Varro's* servant, my good lord —

Ifid. From *Ifidore*, he prays your speedy payment—

Cap. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks, and
past. —

Ifid. Your Steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath: —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on, [*Ex. lords.*
I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither:
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Fla. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends; see them well entertain'd.

[*Exit Timon.*

Flav. Pray, draw near.

[*Exit Flavius.*

Enter Apemantus, and Fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*,
let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Ifid.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

Isid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues', and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? how dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the Superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'st not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp't a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.]

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st grace.

Fool. I will go with you to lord *Timon's*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem.

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Apem. If *Timon* stay at home ———
You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would, they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I — as good'a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good Cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit; sometimes it appears like a lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Fla. Pray you, walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus and Fool.*]

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me?
That I might so have rated my expence,

As

As I had leave of means.

Fla. You would not hear me;
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back:
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse your self.

Fla. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;
The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone:
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

Fla. O my good lord, the world is but a world;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Fla. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon's*?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost: one cloud of winter showres,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Fla. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, Ho! *Flaminius, Servilius*!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you sev'rally.
You to lord *Lucius*—to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with
his Honour to day—you to *Sempronius*—commend me
to their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions
have found time to use 'em toward a supply of mony;
let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum—

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [To *Flavius*.
Of

Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em fend o'th' instant
A thousand talents to me.

Fla. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the most gen'ral way)
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in Return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Fla. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at Fall, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wisht—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, (12)
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their Ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*—pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,
No Blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;

(12) Cold moving *Nods*,] All the Editions exhibit these as two distinct Adjectives, to the Prejudice of the Author's Meaning: but they must be join'd by an *Hypben*, and make a Compound Adjective out of a Substantive and a Participle, and then we have the true Sense of the Place; *Cold-moving*, *Cold-provoking*; *Nods* so discouraging, that they chill'd the very Ardour of our petition, and froze us into silence.

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Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. 'Would, I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.



A C T III.

SCENE, *Lucullus's House in Athens.*

Flaminius waiting, Enter a servant to him.

SERVANT.

I Have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Lucul. One of lord *Timon's* men; a gift, I warrant—
Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver bason and ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to use
supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use
fifty

fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my Coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a servant, with wine.

Ser. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee — Get you gone, firrah. [*To the servant, who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee:

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:

Why

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O! may diseases only work upon't:
 And when he's sick to death, let not that part
 Of nature, my lord paid for, be of power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit.

SCENE, a publick Street.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. WHO, the lord *Timon*? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, tho' we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon's* happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for mony.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the Gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as mony, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have sweat to see his Honour. — My honour'd lord —

[To Lucius.

Luc. *Servilius!* you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well,

well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn my self honourable? how unluckily it hap'n'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little (12) dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do — (the more beast, I say) — I was sending to use lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count

(12) *That I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour?*] Tho' there is a seeming plausible *Antitbesis*, in the Terms, I am very well assur'd, they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *Part* of What? *Honour* is the only Substantive that follows in the Sentence; but Men don't purchase for Honour, tho' sometimes they may turn Purchasers out of Ostentation. How much is the *Antitbesis* improv'd by the Sense which my Emendation gives? "That I should be so unlucky to make this Purchase, for the "Lucre of a little *Dirt*, and undo a great deal of *Honour*!" This Manner of expressing contemptuously of *Land*, is very frequent with the Poets.

it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius*——

True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed;

And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hofilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul;
Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit: (13)

Who can call him his friend,

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been to this lord as a father,

And kept his credit with his bounteous purse:

Supported his estate; nay, *Timon's* mony

Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,

But *Timon's* Silver treads upon his lip;

And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!

He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted *Timon* in my life;

Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,

To mark me for his friend. Yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart; but, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispence,

For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

(13) *Is every Flatterer's Sport.*] This senseless Corruption has run through all the Editions; and, as I suppose, without Suspicion.

Enter

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?—
He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal;
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?

Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?

And does he send to me? three! hum ———

It shews but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? his friends, like physicians, (14)

'Thriv'd, give him over? must I take the cure

On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.

He might have known my Place; I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have wooed me first:

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him.

And does he think so backwardly of me,

That I'll requite it last? no:

So it may prove an argument of laughter

To th' rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool:

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:

I'd such a courage to have done him good.

But now return,

And with their faint Reply this Answer join;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

(14) ——— his Friends, like Physicians

'Thriv'd, give him over?'] I have restor'd this old Reading, only amended the Pointing which was faulty. Mr. Pope suspecting the Phrase, has Substituted *Three* in the room of *thriv'd*, and so disarm'd the Poet's Satire. Physicians *thriv'd* is no more than Physicians *grown rich*: Only the Adjective Passive of this Verb, indeed, is not so common in Use; and yet it is a familiar Expression, to this day, to say, *Such a One is well thriven on his Trade.*

Ser.

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that under hot, ardent, zeal would set whole Realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.

S C E N E *changes to Timon's Hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. WELL met, good morrow, *Titus* and *Hortensius*.

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro*.

Hor. *Lucius*, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think, one business does command us all.

For mine is mony.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir *Philo*'s too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi.

Pbi. I wonder : he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :
You must consider that a Prodigal's Course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear :
'Tis deepest winter in lord *Timon's* purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Pbi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t' observe a strange event :
Your lord sends now for mony.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift,
For which I wait for mony.

Hor. Against my heart.

Luc. How strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes !
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for mony for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness :
I know, my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth ;
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : what's
yours ?

Luc. Five thousand.

Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it should seem by th' sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminus.

Tit. One of lord *Timon's* men.

Luc. *Flaminus* ! Sir, a word : pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; pray, signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are
too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha ! is not that his Steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir —

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain mony here, Sir.

Fla. If mony were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws;
You do your selves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly: —

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Fla. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter, what—he's poor, and that's revenge
enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no
house to put his head in? Such may rail against great
Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some
answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from it. For
take it of my soul,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. [within.] *Servilius*, help—my lord! my lord.

Enter

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron-heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Cap. And ours, my lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em ——— cleave me to
the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours ——— and yours?

Var. My lord ———

Cap. My lord ———

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on
you. *[Exit.]*

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our Masters may throw their
caps at their mony; these debts may be well call'd de-
sperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves. Creditors! ——— devils.

Fla. My dear lord,

Tim. What if it should be so? ———

Fla. My dear lord,

Tim. I'll have it so ——— My steward!

Fla. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly! ——— Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All. ———

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I'll once more feast the rascals.

Fla. O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;
'There's not so much left as to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care:

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Senate-house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* MY lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's
bloody;

'Tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Health, Honour, and Compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, Captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your Virtues:

For Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To

To bring Man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were but newly born.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
 His out-sides ; wear them like his rayment, carelessly ;
 And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

Alc. My lord, ———

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
 It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a Captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy ? but if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad ? why then, sure, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
 The ass, more than the lion ; and the fellow,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge ;
 If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh, my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust,
 But, in defence, ——— by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety :
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain ? his Service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

Alc. I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
 And slain in battle many of your enemies ;

How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.
Were there no foes, That were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My Honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be:
My lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What! —

Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!
Banish your Dotage, banish Usury,
That make the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.*

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1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.

And, (not to swell our spirit,)

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt.]

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their mony, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I my self,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into Captains' wounds? ha! Banishment?
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
'That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to TIMON's House.

Enter divers Senators, at several doors.

1 Sen. THE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 Sen. I also wish it to you: I think,
this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we
encountred. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he
made it seem in the tryal of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new
feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so; he hath sent me an earnest
inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to
put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I
must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importu-
nate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am
sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision
was out.

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1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir — here he comes.

Enter Timon and attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both — and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.* The Swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.]

2 *Sen.* Most honourable lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if mony and the season can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Sen.*

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will, and so ———

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his Mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make your selves prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are — The rest of your fees, O Gods, the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my friends — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

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You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks; (15)
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first — thou too — and thou —

[*Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*

Stay, I will lend thee mony, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity!

[*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

- 1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?
2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon's* fury?
3 *Sen.* Psha! did you see my cap?
4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.
1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour
sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and
now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my
jewel?
2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?
3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.
4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.
1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.
2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.
3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.
4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.
[*Exeunt.*

(15) ——— and minute Jacks

Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady

Crust you quite o'er?} In what Sense could the Senators
be call'd minute Jacks of Man and Beast? The Poet just before
calls them Vapours; and certainly means to enforce that Image,
by saying, they were Jacks not of a Minute's Trust, or De-
pendence. Then what could the infinite Malady signify with-
out something subjoin'd to give us a clearer Idea of it? As I
point the Passage, it plainly means, May the whole Catalogue,
the infinite Number of Distempers, that have ever invaded ei-
ther Man or Beast, all be join'd to plague you.

A C T



A C T IV.

SCENE, *Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
 And fence not *Athens*! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads: To general filths
 Convert o'th' instant, green Virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives, (16)
 And cut your trusters' throats. Bound servants, steal;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 And with it beat his brains out! Fear and Piety,
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries!
 And yet Confusion live! — Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

(16) ————— *Bankrupts, bold fast,**Rather than render back; out with your Knives,*

And cut your Trusters' throats.] Thus has this Passage hitherto been most absurdly pointed; even by the poetical Editors, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope. I had reformed the Pointing; but am, however, to make my Acknowledgements to some anonymous Gentleman, who by Letter advised me to point it as I have done in the Text.

As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, Blains,
 Sow all the *Athenian* bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosie: breath infect breath,
 That their society (as their friendship) may
 Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
 The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
 To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low! [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to TIMON's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.

1 Ser. **H**EAR you, good master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 Ser. Such a House broke!
 So noble a master fall'n! all gone! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him?

2 Ser. As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter

Enter other servants.

Fla. All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 Ser. Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into the sea of air.

Fla. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,
Let's yet be fellows: shake our heads, and say,
(As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
Nay put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[He gives them money; they embrace, and part several ways.]

Oh, the first wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends!
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness: strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow and enquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his Steward still.

[Exit.]

S C E N E

SCENE, the WOODS.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O Blessed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth
 Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not ev'n nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that Lord, (17)
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour:
 It is the Pasture lards the Weather's sides, (18)
 The Want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, this man's a flatterer? if one be,

(17) *Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,*] Where is the Sense and *English* of *deny't that Lord*? Deny him what? What preceding *Noun* is there, to which the Pronoun *It* is to be refer'd? And it would be absurd to think the Poet meant, deny to *raise* that Lord. The *Antithesis* must be, let Fortune *raise* this Beggar, and let her *strip*, and *despoil* that Lord of all his Pomp and Ornaments, &c. which Sense is completed by this slight Alteration,

_____and denude that Lord.

Mr. Warburton.

(18) *It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's Sides,*] This, as the Editors have order'd it, is an idle Repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same Sentiment as the foregoing Lines. But *Shakespeare* meant a quite different Thing: and having, like a sensible Writer, made a smart Observation, he illustrates it by a Similitude thus:

It is the Pasture lards the Weather's Sides,

The Want that makes him lean.

And the Similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this Satirical Reflexion; there is no more Difference between Man and Man in the Esteem of superficial or corrupt Judgments, than between a fat Sheep and a lean one.

Mr. Warburton.

Sa

So are they all, for every greeze of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our carsed natures,
 But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His Semblable, yea, himself, *Timon* disdains.—
 Destruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[*Digging the earth.*]

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! — What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No, Gods, I am no idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make
 Black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;
 Base, noble: old, young; coward, valiant.
 You Gods! why this? what this? you Gods! why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:
 Pluck stout mens' pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosie ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She whom the spittle-house, and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To th' *April* day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature. — [*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum?
 —thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee — thou'lt go, (strong thief)
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

*Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner,
 and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
 For

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For shewing me again the eyes of man !

Alc. What is thy name ? is man so hateful to thee,
That art thy self a man ?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well :
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground ; gules, gules ; —
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel ;
Then what should war be ? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon* ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If
thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man : if thou dost perform, confound thee, for
thou art a man !

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra* ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not, that use thee :
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust :

Make:

Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' Tub-fast, and the diet. (19)

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap——

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

(19) *To the Fubfast, and the Diet.*] One might make a very long and vain Search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous Word *Fubfast*, which has notwithstanding pass'd current with all the Editors. The Author is alluding to the *Lues Venerea*, and its Effects. At that Time, the Cure of it was perform'd either by *Guaiacum*, or *Mercurial Unctions*: and in both Cases the Patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first Application the Sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take Cold, which was fatal. “The Regimen for the Course of *Guaiacum* (says Dr. Friend in his *Hist. of Physick*, Vol. 2. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the Patient was put into a Dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as *Fallopious* expresses it, the Bones and the very Man himself was macerated.” And as for the *Unction*, it was sometimes continued for thirty seven days; (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this Time there was necessarily an extraordinary *Abstinence* requir'd.

Mr. Warburton.

Tim.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy Conquest,
And, after, Thee, when thou hast conquered !

Al. Why me, *Timon* ?

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on ;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one,
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at mens' eyes, (20)
Are not within the leaf of pity writ ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy self ! speak not, be gone.

Al. Hast thou gold yet ?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon thee !

Both. Give us some gold, good *Timon* : hast thou more ?

(20) *That thro' the Window-barn bore at men's Eyes.*] I cannot for my Heart imagine, what Idea our wise Editors had of a Virgin's Breast thro' a *Window-barn* : which I am satisfied, must be a corrupt Reading. In short, the Poet is alluding to the decent Custom in his Time of the Women covering their Necks and Bosom either with *Lawn*, or *Cyprus* ; both which being transparent, the Poet beautifully calls it the *Window-Lawn*.

Tim.

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whole a bawd. (21) Hold up, you fluts,
 Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
 Although, I know, you'll swear; terribly swear
 Into strong shudders, and to heav'nly agues,
 Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
 I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still.
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
 Let your close fire predominate his smoak,
 And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months
 Be quite contrary. Make false hair, and thatch
 Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd, no matter: —)
 Wear them, betray with them; and whore on still:
 Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold — what then?
 Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And mar mens' spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false Title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee

(21) *And to make whore a Bawd.*] The Power of Gold, indeed, may be suppos'd great, that can make a Whore forsake her Trade; but what mighty Difficulty was there in making a Whore turn Bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is describing the mighty Power of Gold. He had before shewn, how Gold can persuade to any villany; he now shews that it has still a greater Force, and can even turn from Vice to the Practice, or, at least, the Semblance of Virtue. We must therefore read, to restore Sense to our Author,

And to make whole a Bawd —

i. e. not only make her quit her Calling, but thereby restore her to Reputation.

Mr. Warburton.
 Smells

Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians
bald,

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The source of all erection. — There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counsel with more mony, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first; I've given
you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rd *Athens*; farewell, *Timon*:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt Alcibiad. Phryn. and Timand.*]

Tim. That Nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same mettle
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed)
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n,
Whereon *Hyperion's* quickning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented — O, a root — dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-toorn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts,

And

And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
'That from it all consideration slips. ———

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague! ———

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these weeds, (22)
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By That which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thy self, being like thy self,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What think'st thou,
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

(22) *Shame not these Woods.*] But how did *Timon* any more
shame the Woods by assuming the Character of a Cynick, than
Apemantus did? The Poet certainly meant to make *Apemantus*
say, Don't disgrace this *Garb*, which thou hast only *affected* to
assume; and to seem the Creature thou art not by Nature, but
by the Force and Compulsion of Poverty. We must therefore
restore,

————— *Shame not these Weeds.*

Apemantus, in several other Passages of the Scene, reproaches
him with his Change of Garb.

Will

Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moist trees,
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoufed trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer meer nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
 Oh ! thou shalt find ———

Tim. A fool of thee ; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say, thou art a caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
 Dost please thy self in't ? (23)

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou
 Dost it enforcedly : thou'dst Courtier be,

(23) *Tim.* *Always a Villain's Office or a Fool's.*

Dost please thy self in't ?

Apem. *Ay.*

Tim. *What ! a knave too ?*] Mr. Warburton proposes
 a Correction here, which, tho' it opposes the Reading of all
 the printed Copies, has great Justness and Propriety in it. He
 would read :

What ! and know't too ?

The Reasoning of the Text, as it stands in the Books, is,
 in some sort, concluding backward : or rather making a *Knave's*
 and *Villain's Office* different : which, surely, is absurd. The
 Correction quite removes the Absurdity, and gives this sensible
 Rebuke. “ What ! Dost thou *please thy self in vexing me,*
 “ and at the same time *know it to be the Office of a Villain*
 “ or *Fool ?* ”

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Out-lives incertain pomp; is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, never compleat;
 The other, at high wish: Best states, contentless,
 Have a distracted and most wretched being;
 Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.
 Had'st thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
 Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
 To such, as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command; thou wouldst have plung'd thy self
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but followed
 The sugar'd game before thee. But my self,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employments;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen.
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone ———
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone —
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thy self.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there, I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy
gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much
curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd
for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst
have loved thy self better now. What man didst thou
ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to
keep a dog.

Apem.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men, are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and seeest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the City?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus*.

170 TIMON of ATHENS.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would, thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
A plague on thee! (24)

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosie but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would, thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apem. retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph;
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose Blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,

(24) *A Plague on thee!*

Apem. ——— *Thou art too bad to curse.*] In the former Editions, this whole Verse was placed to *Apemantus*: by which, absurdly, he was made to curse *Timon*, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse. My Division entirely cures the Absurdity; and makes *Apemantus* reply in Character.

That

That souldrest close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kifs ! that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose ! Oh, thou Touch of hearts !
 Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire.

Apem. 'Would 'twere so,
 But not 'till I am dead ! I'll say, thou hast gold :
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee. ———

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die ! I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men ——— Eat, *Timon*, and
 abhor them. [Exit *Apem*.]

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold ? It is some
 poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder : the
 meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove
 him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him ; if he care
 not for't, he will supply us easily : if he covetously re-
 serve it, how shall's get it ?

2 *Thief.* True ; for he bears it not about him : 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he ?

All. Where ?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He ; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers ; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens' sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meet. (25)
 Why

(25) ——— you want much of meat.] Thus both the
 Player and poetical Editors have given us this Passage ; quite

Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots;
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
 The oaks bear masts, the briars scarlet hips:
 The bounteous huswife nature on each bush
 Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

I Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
 You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves profess: that you work not
 In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape,
 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.
 Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
 The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun.
 The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves (26)

The

Sand-blind, as honest *Launcelot* says, to our Author's Meaning.
 If these poor Thieves wanted *Meat*, what greater Want could
 they be curs'd with, as they could not live on grass, and ber-
 ries, and water? but I dare warrant, the Poet wrote;

————— you want much of meet.

i. e. Much of what you ought to be: much of the Qualities be-
 fitting you as humane Creatures.

(26) *The Sea's a Thief, whose liquid Surge resolves*

The Moon into salt Tears.] The Sea melting the Moon into
 Tears, is, I believe, a Secret in Philosophy, which no body
 but *Shakespeare's* deep Editors ever dream'd of. There is ano-
 ther Opinion, which 'tis more reasonable to believe that our
 Author may allude to; viz. that the Saltness of the Sea is
 caused by several Ranges, or Mounds of Roch-Salt under Wa-
 ter, with which resolving Liquid the Sea was impregnated.
 This I think a sufficient Authority for changing Moon into
 Mounds:

The Mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
From gen'ral excrements : each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more gold ; cut throats ;
All that you meet are thieves : to *Athens* go,
Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what
I give, and gold confound you howsoever ! *Amen.* [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almost charm'd me from my profession,
by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy ; and give over
my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in *Athens* ; (27)

2 *Thief.* There is no time so miserable, but a man
may be true. [*Exeunt.*



A C T V.

SCENE, *The Woods, and Timon's Cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

O H, you Gods !
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?
Full of decay and failing ? oh, monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd !

What

Mounds : and I am still the more confirm'd, because Mr. *Warburton*, who did not know I had touch'd the Place, sent me up the very same Correction.

(27) 1 *Thief.* *Let us first see Peace in Athens ; &c.*] This
and the concluding little Speech have in all the Editions been
H 3 placed

What change of honour desp'rate want has made?
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wisht to love his enemies:
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
 H'as caught me in his eye, I will present
 My honest grief to him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Fla. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost thou ask That? I have forgot all men.
 Then, if thou grantest that thou art a man,
 I have forgot thee.

Fla. An honest servant, —

Tim. Then I know thee not:
 I ne'er had honest man about me, all
 I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Fla. The Gods are witnesses,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer, then I
 love thee,
 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
 But or through lust, or laughter. Pity's sleeping;
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
 weeping!

Fla. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
 T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
 To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

placed to one Speaker: But, as Mr. Warburton very justly ob-
 serv'd to me, 'tis evident, the latter Words ought to be put in
 the Mouth of the *first* Thief, who is repenting, and leaving off
 his Trade.

So

So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild. —
Let me behold thy face : surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober Gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man : mistake me not, but one :
No more, I pray ; and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thy self : but all, save thee,
I sell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Fla. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast ;
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is meerly love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich your self.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so ; thou singly honest man,
Here, take ; the Gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy :
But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men :
Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none ;
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em ; be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Fla. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor stragling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal of his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens* again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best: Promising is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter

Re-enter Timon from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him,
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may Profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:

Poet. While the day serves, before black-corner'd
night, (28)
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn——
What a God's gold, that he is worshipp'd
In baser temples, than where Swine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the Wave, (29)
Settlest admired rev'rence in a slave;
To thee be Worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

(28) *While the day serves, &c*] This Couplet in all the Editions is placed to the *Painter*, but as it is in Rhymes, and a Sequel of the Sentiment begun by the *Poet*, I have made no Scruple to ascribe it to him.

(29) *'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the Foam, Settlest admired Rev'rence in a Slave;*] As both the Couplet preceding, and following this, are in Rhyme, I am very apt to suspect, the Rhyme is dismounted here by an accidental Corruption; and therefore have ventur'd to replace *Wave* in the Room of *Foam*.

178 TIMON of ATHENS.

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fal'n off,
Whose thankless natures, oh (abhorred spirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better: (30)
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y' are honest men; you've heard, that I have
gold;

I'm sure, you have; speak truth, y' are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit.
Best in all *Athens*; thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

(30) *Let it go, naked Men may see't the better;*] Thus has
this Passage been stupidly pointed thro' all the Editions, as if
naked Men could see better than Men in their Cloaths. I
think verily, if there were any Room to credit the Experi-
ment, such Editors ought to go naked for the Improvement
of their Eye-sights. But, perhaps, they have as little Faith as
Judgment in their own Readings. The *Poet*, in the preced-
ing Speech haranguing on the Ingratitude of *Timon's* false
Friends, says, he cannot cover the Monstrousness of it with
any Size of Words; to which *Timon*, as I have rectified the
Pointing, very aptly replies;

Let it go naked—Men may see't the better.

Pain.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say — And for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault;
Marry, not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross Patchery, love him, and feed him;
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; — but two in
company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near *him*. — If *thou* wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves;
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!
You

You are an Alchymist, make gold of that :
 Out, rascal dogs ! [Beating, and driving 'em out.]

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Fla. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon* :
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his Cave.
 It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
 To speak with *Timon*.

2 Sen. At all times alike
 Men are not still the same ; 'twas time and griefs
 That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him ; bring us to him,
 And chance it as it may.

Fla. Here is his Cave :
 Peace and Content be here, lord *Timon* ! *Timon* !
 Look out, and speak to friends, th' *Athenians*
 By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee ;
 Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn ———
 Speak, and be hang'd ;
 For each true word a blister, and each false
 Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon*, ———

Tim. — Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

2 Sen. The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them. And would send them back the
 plague,
 Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
 What we are sorry for ourselves, in thee :
 The Senators, with one consent of love,
 Intreat thee back to *Athens* ; who have thought
 On special dignities, which vacant lie

For

For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess

Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
Which now the publick body, (which doth seldom
Play the recanter) feeling in it self
A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sence withal
Of its own Fall, restraining aid to *Timon*;
And sends forth us to make their sorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n such heaps and fums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The Captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name:
Live with authority: soon we shall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatning sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* ———

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus —
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, — and tell him, *Timon* speaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him, that I care not.
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While

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While you have throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Fla. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not:
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common Bruite doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass
thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain.
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout; that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his Haste;
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself—I pray you, do my Greeting:

Fla.

TIMON of ATHENS.

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Fla. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion.

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth.

The turbulent surge shall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!

Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit *Timon*.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably coupled to
his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* **T**HOU hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides, his expedition promises
Present Approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'th' Cause against your City
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect. —
The enemies' Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all Description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho. ——— No answer? ———
What is this? ———

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span;
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man. (31)
Dead, sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
Whose Fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE, before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.

Alc. SOUND to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible Approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice. 'Till now my self, and such

(31) *Some beast read this: here does not live a Man.*] Some
Beast read what? The Soldier had yet only seen the rude Pile of
Earth heap'd up for *Timon's* Grave, and not the *Inscription* upon
it. My Friend Mr. Warburton ingeniously advis'd me to amend
the Text, as I have done. The Soldier, seeking by Order for
Timon, sees such an irregular Mole, as he concludes must have
been the Workmanship of some Beast inhabiting the Woods;
and such a Cavity, as either must have been so over-arch'd, or
happen'd by the casual Falling in of the Ground.

As

As slept within the shadow of your Power,
 Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries, of itself, *no more*: now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
 And purfy Insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
 We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo (32)
 Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
 By humble message, and by promis'd 'mends:
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
 That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should fall
 For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out:
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess (33)

Hath

(32) ————— So did we wooe

Transformed Timon to our City's Love

By humble Message, and by promis'd means:] *Promis'd Means*
 must import a Supply of Substance, the recruiting his sunk For-
 tunes; but that is not all, in my Mind, that the Poet would
 aim at. The Senate had wooed him with humble Message, and
 Promise of general Reparation for their Injuries and Ingratitude.
 This seems included in the slight Change which I have made—
 and by *promis'd 'mends*: and this Word, *apostrophe'd*, or other-
 wise, is used in common with *Amends*.

(33) *Shame, that they wanted Cunning in Excess,*

Hath broke their Hearts.] i. e. in other Terms, — Shame, that
 they

Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread;
 By decimation and a tithed death,
 If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth:
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended:
 For those that were, it is not square to take
 On those that are, revenge: Crimes, like to lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
 Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
 With those that have offended; like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;
 But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope:
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine Honour else,
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion: all thy Powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;

they were not the cunning'st Men alive, hath been the Cause of
 their Death. For *Cunning in Excess* must mean this or nothing.
 O brave Editors! They had heard it said, that too much Wit
 in some Cases might be dangerous, and why not an absolute
 Want of it? But had they the Skill or Courage to remove one
 perplexing *Comma*, the easy and genuine Sense would immedi-
 ately arise. "Shame in Excess (i. e. Extremity of Shame) that
 "they wanted Cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough
 "not to banish you;) hath broke their Hearts."

Descend,

Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
 Those enemies of *Timon's*, and mine own,
 Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more ; and to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds ;
 But shall be remedied by publick laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, *Timon* is dead ;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' sea ;
 And on the grave-stone this Insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away ; whose soft impression
 Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft :
 Seek not my name : a plague conſume you caitiffs left !
 Here lie I Timon, who all living men did hate,
 Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gait.*

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits :
 Tho' thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
 Scorn'dſt our brains' flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
 From niggard nature fall ; yet rich conceit (34)

Taught

(34) ————— yet rich Conceit

*Taught thee to make waſt Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon, of whoſe Memory*

Hereafter more.—] All the Editors, in their Learning and Sagacity, have ſuffer'd an unaccountable Abſurdity to paſs them in this Paſſage. Why was *Neptune* to weep on *Timon's* Faults forgiven ? Or, indeed, what Faults had *Timon* committed, except againſt his own Fortune and happy Situation in Life ? But the Corruption of the Text lies only in the bad Pointing, which

Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
 On thy low grave. — On: faults forgiven. — Dead
 Is noble *Timon*, of whose memory
 Hereafter more ——— Bring me into your City,
 And I will use the Olive with my Sword;
 Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War; make
 each
 Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
 Let our drums strike. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

I have disengag'd, and restor'd to the true Meaning. *Alcibiades's* whole Speech, as the Editors might have observ'd, is in Breaks, betwixt his Reflexions on *Timon's* Death, and his Addresses to the *Athenian* Senators: and as soon as he has commented on the Place of *Timon's* Grave, he bids the Senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their Faults; and promises to use them with Mercy.







H. Gravelot in Vol. 6. P. 189.

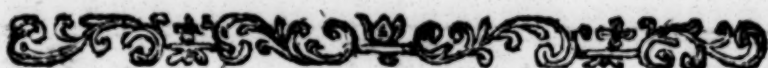
G. V. Gucht. Scul.



T I T U S

ANDRONICUS.





Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.

Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.

Marcus, Quintus, Lucius, Mutius,	}	<i>Sons to Titus Andronicus.</i>
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Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.

Sempronius.

Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius,	}	<i>Sons to Tamora.</i>
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Aaron, a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.

Captain, from Titus's Camp.

Æmilius, a Messenger.

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.

Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.





TITUS ANDRONICUS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *before the Capitol in ROME.*

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.

*Enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door;
and Bassianus and his followers, at the other, with
Drum and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.



O BLE Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with arms:
And Countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born Son of him, that last
Wore the imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my Right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial Seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let Desert in pure election shine;*

And,

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And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery!

Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,

In election for the *Roman* Empery,

Chosen *Andronicus*, sur-named *Pius*,

For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.

A nobler man, a braver warrior,

Lives not this day within our city-walls.

He by the Senate is accited home,

From weary wars against the barb'rous *Goths*;

That with his sons (a terror to our foes)

Hath yoak'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.

Ten years are spent, since first he undertook

This Cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms

Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons

In coffins from the field. ———

And now at last, laden with Honour's Spoils,

Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,

Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.

Let us intreat, by honour of his Name,

Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,

And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,

Whom you pretend to honour and adore,

That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,

Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my
thoughts!

Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie

In thy uprightness and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine;

Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,

And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,

Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich Ornament;

That I will here dismiss my loving friends;

And

And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my self, my person and the Cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and Me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome's* best champion,
Successful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in my mourning weeds! (1)
Lo, as the Bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage;

(1) *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning Weeds!* [*Mr. War-*
burton and I concurr'd to suspect that the Poet wrote;

— in my mourning Weeds.

i. e. *Titus* would say; "Thou, *Rome*, art victorious, tho' I am
" a Mourner for those Sons which I have lost in obtaining that
" Victory."

Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his Country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his Return to *Rome*.
 Thou great Defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
 Behold the poor Remains, alive and dead!
 These, that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial among their Ancestors.
 Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword:
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy Sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the Tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones:
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives:
 The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious Conqueror,
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*, (2)

To

(2) *Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy Triumphs, and return*

To beautify thy Triumphs and Return,
 Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yolk?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for King and Common-weal
 Were Piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient your self, Madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a Sacrifice;
 To this your son is markt, and die he must,
 T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius
 with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious, piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus, go to rest! and we survive
 To tremble under *Titus*' threatening looks.
 Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

[*Captive to thee and to thy Roman Yolk?*] It is evident, as this Passage has hitherto been pointed, none of the Editors understood the true Meaning. If *Tamora* and her Family return captive to *Rome*, they must have been before Prisoners of War to the *Romans*: and that is more than what is hinted, or suppos'd, any where in the Play. But the Truth is, *return* is not a *Verb* but a *Substantive*; and relates to *Titus* and not to *Tamora*: The Regulation I have given the Text, I dare warrant, restores the Author's Intention.

To beautify thy Triumphs and Return.

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The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy (3)
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in her Tent,
 May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
 (When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
 To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
 Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt:
 And intrails feed the sacrificing fire;
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud *larums* welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
 Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
 No noise: but silence and eternal sleep:
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long,
 My noble lord and father, live in fame!
 Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

(3) *The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy*
With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent, &c.] I read, against
 the Authority of all the Copies, ——— in her Tent; i. e. in the
 Tent where she and the other Trojan Captive Women were
 kept: for thither *Hecuba* by a Wile had decoy'd *Polymnestor*,
 in order to perpetrate her Revenge. This we may learn from
 EURIPIDES's *Hecuba*; the only Author, that I can at pre-
 sent remember, from whom our Writer must have glean'd this
 Circumstance.

I render,

I render, for my brethrens' obsequies :
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
 Shed on the earth, for thy Return to *Rome*.
 O, blest me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortune *Rome's* best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The Cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart !
Lavinia, live ; out-live thy father's days, (4)
 In Fame's eternal Date for virtue's praise !

Mar. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome* !

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome, Nephews, from successful wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords.
 But safer triumph in this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness ;
 And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
 This Palliament of white and spotless hue ;
 And name thee in election for the Empire,
 With these our late-deceased Emperor's sons :
 Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on ;
 And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
 What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
 Be chose with Proclamations to day,
 To morrow yield up Rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all ?

(4) *Lavinia, live ; out-live thy Father's days :*

And *Fame's eternal date for Virtue's praise !*] Were the Text
 to be admitted genuine, nothing could be so absurd as for *Titus*
 to wish, his Daughter might *out-live* the *eternal* Date of Fame.
 I have, by the Change of a single Monosyllable, restor'd the
 Passage to a sensible and kind Wish.

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Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully ;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In Right and Service of their noble Country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell—

Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.——

Sat. *Romans*, do me Right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the Good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.——

Tit. Content thee, Prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and Thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe Return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord *Saturnine* ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this Common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,——Long live our Emperor !

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create

Lord

Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor ;
And say, — Long live our Emperor *Saturnine* !

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Emperess,
Rome's royal Mistress, Mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse :
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace :
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honour's Ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor ;
To him, that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue

[*To Tamora.*]

That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew :
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome* :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : Madam, who comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesie.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*; *Romans*, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your Leave, this Maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How, Sir, are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do my self this Reason and this Right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our *Roman* justice:
This Prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's Guard?
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him, that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here. —

Tit. What! villain-boy,

Barr'st me my way in *Rome*?

[*He kills him.*]

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help!

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock;
I'll trust by leisure him, that mocks me once:
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was

Was there none else in *Rome* to make a Stale of,
But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree these deeds with that proud Brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways: go give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the stately *Phæbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st Dames of *Rome*;
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Emperess of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for *Hymeneus* stands,)
I will not re-salute the streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [Exeunt.

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. Oh, *Titus*, see, oh, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give *Mutius* burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb;
This Monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* Servitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius'* deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus's sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?

[*Titus's son speaks.*

Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my Crest,
And with these boys mine Honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius'* bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul,—

Luc.

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble Nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia's* cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*,
That slew himself; and wise *Laertes'* son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise —
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome*:
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy
friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*They all kneel, and say;*]

No man shed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it, that the subtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but, I know, it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good Turn so far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and
Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door. At
the other door, Bassianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou

Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us,
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*;
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour dare I undertake
For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a friend on vain Suppose,
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.——

My

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your Throne ;
 Lest then the People and Patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take *Titus'* part ;
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at intreats, and then let me alone ;
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life :
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—

[*Aside.*]

Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come, *Andronicus* —
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise ; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her ; my lord,
 These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
 A *Roman* now adopted happily :
 And must advise the Emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*,
 And let it be my honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
 For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
 My word and promise to the Emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.
 And fear not, lords ; and you, *Lavinia*,
 By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highness,
 That what we did was mildly, as we might,
 Tending our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more. —

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be
 friends.

The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,

I will

206 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I will not be denied ; sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure, as death, I swore,
I would not part a batchelor from the priest.

Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides ;

You are my guest, *Lavinia*, and your friends ;

This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow an it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, *Titus*, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt*.]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *before the Palace.*

Enter Aaron alone.

A A R O N.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus' top*,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash ;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his glistring coach,
And over-looks the highest-peering hills :
So *Tamora* —

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;

And

And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
This Goddess, this *Semiramis*; — this Queen,
This *Siren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, bragging.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge:
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with Braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! — these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desp'rate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have you lath glued within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw?
And maintain such a Quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The Cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,

Be

Be so dishonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.

For shame, put up. —

Cbi. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd (5)

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd, —
Foul-spoken coward! thou thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say. —

Now by the Gods, that warlike *Goths* adore,

This petty Brabble will undo us all;

Why, lords — and think you not, how dangerous

It is to jet upon a Prince's right?

What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,

Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,

Without controulment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware — and should the Empress know

This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Cbi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;

I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice;

Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in *Rome*

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this Device.

Cbi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I do love.

(5) — Not I, 'till I have sheath'd

My Rapier in his bosom, —] This Speech, which has
been all along given to *Demetrius*, as the next has been to
Chiron, I have, by the Advice of Mr. *Warburton*, vice versa,
given to *Chiron* and *Demetrius*: for it is *Demetrius*, as it appears
from the Tenour of the Scene, who had thrown out reproachful
Speeches on *Chiron*.

Aar.

Aar. To atchieve her — how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more Water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easie it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tired with this ado:

Why, hark ye, hark ye — and are you such fools, (6)

To square for this? would it offend you then

That both should speed!

Cbi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do

(6) ——— and are you such Fools

To square for this? — Would it offend you then —

Cbi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.] This is, *Verbum sat sapienti*, with a Vengeance. The two Brothers shew more Sagacity in this Passage, than they do throughout the Play besides; for they make their Answer to *Aaron*, without ever staying to hear him propound his Question. But there is no Occasion for this Spirit of Divination. The Supplement, which I have made, is restor'd from the *Old Quarto*, which *Mr. Pope* pretends to have collated.

That

That you affect ; and so must you resolve,
 That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
 You may perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
 Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus*' love ;
 A speedier course than lingring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
 There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop :
 The forest-walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented Plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villany :
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
 To Villany and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,
 The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull :
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye ;
 And revel in *Lavinia*'s Treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes uehor. — [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to a Forest.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds
 and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. **T**HE Hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray ;
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are
 green :

Uncouple

Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay :
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
 And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the Court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the Emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then
 enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron,
 Demetrius and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty ;
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no :

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport : Madam, now ye shall see
 Our Roman Hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow, where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound ;
 But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE changes to a desert part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. **H**E, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree ;
 And never after to inherit it.
 Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;

Which,

Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villany;
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
 When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
 The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit,
 And whilst the babling Echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double Hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave;
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber;
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, Madam, these are no venereal signs?
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to day;

Thy

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.
 Seest thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted scrawl;
 Now question me no more, we are espied;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dread not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, Great Empress, *Bassianus* comes;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? *Rome*'s royal Empress?
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?
 Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general Hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controuller of our private steps:
 Had I the power, that some say, *Dian* had,
 Thy Temples should be planted presently
 With horns, as was *Acteon*'s; and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 Unmannerly Intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
 'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;
 And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments:
 Forve shield your husband from his hounds to day!
 'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
 Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequestred from all your train?
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason, that my noble lord be rated

For

214 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

For sauciness. — I pray you, let us hence.
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Law. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious Mo-
Why does your Highness look so pale and wan? [ther,

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful missesto.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
Lascivious *Goths*, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mother's life;
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
strength.

[Stabbing him likewise.

Law.

Lav. I, come, *Semiramis*; ——— nay, barbarous
Tamora; (7)

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted Hope she braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face —

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word —

Dem. Listen, fair Madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do Thou intreat her, shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove my self a
bastard?

(7) *I come, Semiramis, nay barbarous Tamora,*]

By an Inaccuracy of the Pointing, the Editors have all along
made Nonsense of this Passage. But the Poet's Meaning is
this; *Lavinia*, seeing her Husband stabb'd by the Queen's two
Sons, expects and invites the Queen to serve her in the same
kind, and put an end to her Miseries. *Ay*, is very frequently
writ, *I*, in Editions of our Author's Time.

Lav.

Tam. I know not what it means : away with her.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
even for his sake am I now pitiless :

Law. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
For I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;
Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confusion fall ———

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth — bring thou
her husband: [*Dragging off Lavinia.*]

This is the hole, where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*]

Tam. Farewel, my sons; see, that you make her sure.

Ne'er

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful sons this Trull deflour.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fallen? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning-dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his Brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*]

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects, more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole :
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks ;
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus*' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along, with me ; — I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him alive,
But out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

Enter

Enter Tamora with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the King?

Sat. Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a letter.]

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomly,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean;
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Oh, *Tamora*! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. *[To Titus.]*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

(Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—)

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.
Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
'They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderer
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the King;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell (an if thy tongue can speak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowle.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang my self.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Chiron.*]

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my Neice, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle Neice, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments, (8)
 Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in?
 And might not gain so great a happiness,
 As have thy love! why dost not speak to me?
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosie lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee;
 And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 (As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,)
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud. ———
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven soot,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
 But, lovely Neice, that Mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.
 Oh, had the monster seen those lilly hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,

(8) ——— those sweet Ornaments,
 Whose circling Shadows Kings have sought to sleep in,
 And might not gain so great an Happiness,
 As half thy Love!] As half her Love? But might they gain
 any part of her Love? Or would she not consent to embrace
 'em so much as with one Arm? The Poet had no such Stuff
 in his Thoughts. My Correction restores the true Meaning;
 that, tho' Princes languish'd to sleep in her Arms, they could
 not obtain their Suit, or have her Love.

Which that sweet tongue hath made ;
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*



A C T III.

S C E N E, *a Street in Rome.*

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers ; noble Tribunes, stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept :
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have wateht,
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in Honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.]

For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears :
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush :
 O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Ext.*
 That shall distil from these two antient ruins,
Than

Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers ;
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow ;
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

Oh, reverend Tribunes ! gentle aged men !
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death :
 And let me say, (that never wept before)
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain ;
 The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by ;
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead ; —
 Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you —

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man ; if they did hear,
 They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
 They would not pity me. —

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
 Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale ;
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones :
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
 For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment,

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee :
 Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
 That *Rome* is but a wilderness of Tygers ;
 Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
 But me and mine ; how happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handleless, in thy father's sight? (9)
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

(9) ————— what accursed Hand

Hath made thee handleless in thy Father's Sight?] But tho' *Lavinia* appear'd handleless in her Father's Presence, she was not made so in his Sight. And if that be the true Reading, it can at best bear but this poor Meaning, What curs'd Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, for thy Father to see thee in that Condition? The slight Alteration, I have given, adds a much more reasonable Complaint, and aggravates the Sentiment. What cursed Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, only in Despight to thy Father; only to increase his Torments?

That

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide her self; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my Deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul. —

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me. What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, *Marcus*! ah, son *Lucius*, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
husband.

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them,
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
 How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
 With mirey slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear neice; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus*! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I understand her signs;
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee.
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as Limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the Emperor
 Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy sons,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self, old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King; he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle *Aaron*!
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
 That gives sweet tidings of the Sun's uprise?

With

With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand;
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing Destruction on the enemies' Casque? (10)
Oh, none of Both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two Nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers Both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,

(10) *Which of your Hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battle-axe,*

Writing Destruction on the Enemies' Castle?] This is a
Passage, which shews a most wonderful Sagacity in our Edi-
tors. They could not, sure, intend an Improvement of the
Art Military, by teaching us that it was ever a Custom to hew
down *Castles* with the Battle-Axe. Or could they have a De-
sign to tell us, that they wore *Castles* formerly on their heads
for *defensive* Armour? I ventur'd, some time ago, to correct
the Passage thus;

Writing Destruction on the Enemies' Cask.

i. e. an Helmet; from the *French* Word, *une Casque*. A bro-
ken *k* in the Manuscript might easily be mistaken for *tl*, and
thus a Castle was built at once. But as I think it is much
more feasible to split an *Helmet* with a *Battle-axe*, than to
cut down a *Castle* with it, I shall continue to stand by my
Emendation.

Now

Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so.

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that, you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's Hand.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd :

Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand :

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers, bid him bury it :

More hath it merited; that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*; and for thy hand

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :

Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany. [*Aside.*]

Doth sat me with the very thought of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O hear ! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;

If any Power pities wretched tears,

To that I call : What, wilt thou kneel with me ?

Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh ! brother, speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy Lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swol'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and
a hand.*

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless.
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons' heads,

Thy

230 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear fight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs; (11)
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal fight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha! ———

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed;
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find Revenge's Cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see, what task I have to do —
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made; — come, Brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my fight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*]

(11) *Ab*, now no more will I controul my Griefs;] I read,—
thy Griefs. *Marcus* had before persuaded *Titus* to be temperate
and restrain the Excess of his Sorrows: but now, *says he*, that
so miserable an Object is presented to your Sight, as a dear
Daughter so heinously abus'd, e'en indulge your Sorrows till
they put an end to your miserable Life.

Manet

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,
O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the *Goths*, and raise a Power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [Exit *Lucius*.]

S C E N E, *an Apartment in Titus's House.*

A B A N Q U E T.

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius,
a Boy.*

Tit. SO, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy neice and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down. ———
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,

That

That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee doat already ?
Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I ;
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ; —
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable ?
O, handle not the theam ; no talk of hands ; —
Lest we remember still, that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands ?
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink : hark, *Marcus*, what she says ;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechless complaint ! — O, I will learn thy thought ;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter, deep, laments ;

Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife ?

Mar. At That that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ; thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :

A deed

A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus*' brother ; get thee gone,
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But ? ——— how if that fly had a father and
mother ?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting Dolings in the air ? (12)
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ;
And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed ;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my self, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thy self ; and that's for *Tamora* :
Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a cole-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away ; *Lavinia*, go with me ;
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

(12) *And buz lamenting Doings in the Air.*] *Lamenting Doings* is a very idle Expression, and conveys no Idea. The Alteration, which I have made, tho' it is but the Addition of a single Letter, is a great Increase to the Sense: and tho', indeed, there is somewhat of a Tautology in the *Epithet* and *Substantive* annexed to it, yet that's no new Thing with our Author.

A C T



A C T IV.

S C E N E, Titus's House.

*Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him;
and the boy flies from her, with his books under his
arm. Enter Titus, and Marcus.*

B O Y.

H E L P, grandfire, help; my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, see, how swift she comes:
Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, she did.

Mar. What means my neice *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:
See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and *Tully's* oratory:

Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble Aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did:

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,

Causeless, perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt;

And

And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius*, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy,
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n's
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than
one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or else to heav'n she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. *Lucius*, what book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I read?
This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus'* treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the
leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see; ———

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by That the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should Nature build so foul a den,
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet Girl, for here are none but
friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;

Or

Or flunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece*' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet neice; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia*.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*]

This fandy Plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.

Curst be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good neice; and here display, at least,
What God will have discover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. Oh, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of *Tamora*
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclams.

My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s Hope,
And swear with me, (as, with the woeful peer,
And father, of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece*' rape,)

That we will prosecute (by good advice) (13)

Mortal

(13) *That we will prosecute (by good Advice)*

Mortal Revenge upon these traitorous Goths;

And see their Blood, or die with this Reproach.] But if
they endeavour'd to throw off the Reproach, tho' they fell in the Attempt,

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous *Goths*;
And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league;
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young Huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like *Sibyl's* leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful Country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my House:

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,

Attempt, they could not be properly said to die with that Reproach. *Marcus* must certainly mean, that they would have Revenge on their Enemies, and spill their Blood, rather than they would tamely sit down, and die, under such Injuries. For this Reason I have corrected the Text,

ere die with this Reproach:

I am not to learn, that *or* formerly was equivalent to *ere*. —
Or, before, ere: Gloss. to Urrey's Chaucer. — Or, for ere: *quod etiamnum in agro Lincolnienfi frequentissime usurpatur*. Skinner in his Glossary of Uncommon Words. — But this Usage was too obsolete for our *Shakespeare's* Time.

Ay,

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Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens' marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge;
Revenge the Heav'ns for old *Andronicus*!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and
at another door young Lucius and another, with a
bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. **D***emetrius*, here's the Son of *Lucius*;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the *Roman* Gods, confound you Both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,
My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.

And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here, a scrowle, and written round
about?

Let's see.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well:

I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; — a verse in *Horace* — right, you have it —

Now, what a thing it is to be an *Ass*?

Here's no fond jest; th' old man hath found their guilt, (14)

And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty *Empress* well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to *Rome* strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand *Roman* dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the Gods have given us
over. [Flourish.]

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

(14) *Here's no found jest;*] But, I think, I may venture to say, *here's no found Sense*. Doubtless, the Poet wrote, *here's no fond jest*, i. e. no idle, foolish one; but a *Sarcasm* deliberately thrown, and grounded on Reason.

O,

240 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O, tell me, did you see *Aaron* the *Moor*?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O That which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome*'s disgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest!
What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal:
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a Hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I've done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron*, it must, the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies upon my Scymitar's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born son and heir.
 I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*
 With all his threatening band of *Typhon's* brood,
 Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,
 Ye white-lim'd walls, ye ale-house painted signs,
 Coal-black is better than another hue:
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it, how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, my self;
 The vigour and the picture of my youth.
 This, before all the world do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe;
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Cbi. *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Cbi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
 Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own.
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood, that first gave life to you;
 And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light:
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side;
 Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,

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L

And

And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save you the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ; when we all join in league,
I am a lamb ; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms :
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and my self —
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and your self —
'Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said — [*He kills her.*]
Week, — week ! — so cries a pig, prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron* ? wherefore didst
thou this ?

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongu'd babling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent :
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'r's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the Court ;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords, ye see, I have given her physick ;
And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see, that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,

Then

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her self and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me see your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræa reliquit—be you remember'd, *Marcus*—
She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, cousins, shall go found the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land —
No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :
Then, when you come to *Pluto's* region,
I pray you, deliver this petition,
Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah, *Rome*! — Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.

Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or somewhere else;
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops*' size;
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[He gives them the arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you — here, *ad Apollinem* —

Ad Martem, that's for my self;

Here, boy, to *Pallas* — here, to *Mercury* —

To *Saturn* and to *Cælus* — not to *Saturnine* —

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy; *Marcus* — loose when I bid;

O' my word, I have written to effect,

There's

There's not a God left unfollicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh, well said, *Lucius* :
Good boy, in *Virgo's* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus's* horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when *Publius* shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court,
And who should find them but the Empress' villain :
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he should not chuse
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clown. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must not be
hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clown. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid, I should be so bold to pres into heav'n in
my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to
the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt
my uncle and one of the Imperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve
for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the
Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the Emperor. By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold — mean while, here's mony for thy charges. Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then, here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it. Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration, For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant; And when thou hast given it the Emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me, what he says.

Clown. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. **W**H Y, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-borne,
 Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mighty Gods,
 (However the disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,
 But even with law against the wilful sons

Of

Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frensie, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
 See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:
 Sweet scrouls, to fly about the streets of *Rome*!
 What's this but libelling against the Senate,
 And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
 In *Saturninus*' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts — Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
 But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [Aside.

Enter Clown.

How, now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your Mistership be Imperial.

Tam. Emprefs I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-
 Even:

I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[He reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

L 4

Clown.

Clown. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, firrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd ! by'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [Exit.]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs !
Shall I endure this monstrous villany ?
I know, from whence this same device proceeds :
May this be borne ? as if his traiterous sons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully ?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man ;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy self should govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius. (15)

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius* ? [cause ;

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords ; *Rome* never had more
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the Conduct
Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus* :
Who threats in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths* ?

(15) *Enter Nuntius Æmilius.*] Thus the old Books have describ'd this Character : and, I believe, I can account for the Formality, from the Ignorance of the Editors. In the Author's Manuscript, I presume, 'twas writ, *Enter Nuntius* ; and they observing, that he is immediately call'd *Æmilius*, thought proper to give him his whole Title, and so clapp'd in *Enter Nuntius Æmilius*. — Mr. *Pope* has very critically follow'd them ; and ought, methinks, to have given his new-adopted Citizen *Nuntius* a place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. If this Gentleman has discover'd any *Roman* Family, that had the *Prænomen* of *Nuntius* ; it is a Secret, I dare say, more than *Carisus*, *Diomedes Grammaticus*, or the *Fasti Capitolini*, were ever acquainted withal. *Shakespeare* meant no more than, *Enter Æmilius* as a *Messenger*.

These

These Tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach ;
 'Tis he, the common people love so much :
 My self hath often over-heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man)
 That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd, that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not our city strong ?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it ?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings
 He can at pleasure stint their melody ;
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
 Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
 I will enchant the old *Andronicus*
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep :
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 Go thou before as our embassador ; [To *Æmilius*.
 Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably ;
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.

250 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exe.*



A C T V.

SCENE, *A Camp, at a small distance
from Rome.*

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

L U C I U S.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signifie, what hate they bear their Em-
p'ror,

And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st:
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in
his Arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd
To

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery :
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall ;
 I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
 The crying babe controul'd with this discourse :
 " Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,
 " Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 " Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 " Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor :
 " But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 " They never do beget a cole-black calf ;
 " Peace, villain, peace ! (even thus he rates the babe)
 " For I must bear thee to a trusty *Goth* ;
 " Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
 " Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate Devil,
 That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand ;
 This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
 Why dost not speak ? what ! deaf ? no ! not a word ?
 A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder. †(16)

Aar.

(16) *Aar. Get me a Ladder. Lucius, save the Child.*] All the printed Editions have given this whole Verse to *Aaron*. But why should the *Moor* here ask for a Ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his Child sav'd ? Unless the Poet is suppos'd to mean for *Aaron*, that, if they would get him a Ladder, he would resolutely hang himself out of the way, so they would spare

Aar. *Lucius*, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Emperers;
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but Vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murthers, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
God:

That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called Conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him;) — therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

spare the Child. But, I much rather suspect, there is an old
Error in prefixing the Names of the Persons; and that *Lucius*
ought to call for the Ladder, and then *Aaron* very properly in-
treats of *Lucius* to save the Child,

Aar.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious, woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To That which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd *Bassianus*;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou That trim-
ing?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and trim'd;
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh, barb'rous beastly villains like thy self!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head; —
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth,
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;
Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two sons.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't!
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew my self apart,
And almost broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing Tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! can'st thou say all this, and never blush!

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the Saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet, I think,

Few

Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear my self;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor Men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
 " Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly:
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in ever-lasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. —

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome*?

Æmil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
 The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges

Unto

Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come : march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Titus's Palace in Rome.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. **T**HUS, in these strange and sad habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus* :
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,
Knock at the Study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceiv'd ; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word : how can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord ?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk with
me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough ;
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora* :
Is not thy Coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora* ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend ;
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal Kingdom,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,

By

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
 Confer with me of murder and of death;
 There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
 Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee:
 Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
 Now give some surance that thou art revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes:
 Provide two proper Palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves.
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile foot-man all day long;
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
 And you the Empress! but we worldly men
 Have miserable and mistaking eyes:
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
 And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son:
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies:
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Cbi. Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong;
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;

I pray

I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To fend for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads tow'rd *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart :
What says *Andronicus* to this device ?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother ! — 'tis sad *Titus* calls :

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius* ;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths* :
Bid him repair to me : and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Goths* ;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are ;
Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them ;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad ;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices :
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*!

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons,

I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

[*Exit Titus.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look, that ye bind them fast.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia
with a Basin.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and That more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless Chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would ye say, if I should let you speak?
Villains!—for shame, you could not beg for grace.
Hark,

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold
 The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad —
 Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
 And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than *Procne* I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,
 Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* feast.
[He cuts their throats.]
 So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron
 Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'r's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings;
 And see, the ambush of our friends be strong;
 I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave.

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*
The trumpets shew, the Emperor is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a Sun?

Mar. Rome's Emperor, and Nephew, break the
parley;

These quarrels must be quietly debated:

The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. *Marcus*, we will.

[*Hautboys.*

*A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing
the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over
her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
Queen,

Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome, *Lucius*,
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the Emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die !

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the
deed ?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your Highness
feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed ;
Eating the flesh, that she her self hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness, my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uprore sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth.

Goth. Let *Rome* her self be Bane unto her self;
And she whom mighty Kingdoms curtsie to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on her self.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our Ancestor,

[*To Lucius.*

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy*:
Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they, that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were, that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing

Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas! — you know, I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise: oh, pardon me,
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,
 Of this was *Tamora* delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in *Titus'* house, (17)
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had *Titus* to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans*?
 Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
 We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
 And make a mutual Closure of our House:
 Speak, *Romans*, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

(17) *The villain is alive in Titus' house,*

And as he is, to witness this is true.] The Villain alive, and as he is, surely, can never be right. The Manuscript must have been obscure and blindly writ, so that the first Editors could not make out the Word, which I have ventur'd to restore. The Epithet, I have replac'd, admirably sorts with the *Moor's* Character: and *Lucius* uses it again, speaking of him at the Conclusion of the Play.

See justice done on Aaron that damned Moor.

Besides, *damn'd as he is* — is a Mode of Expression familiar with our Author,

Mar.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* royal Emperor!
Go, go, into old *Titus's* sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death;
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius, all hail, *Rome's* gracious governour!

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans*: may I govern so,
To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but, Uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this Trunk:
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;
The last true duties of thy noble Son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring.
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! ev'n with all my heart,
'Would I were dead, so you did live again —
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping —
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him :
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies : this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb!—
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evil I have done :
Ten thousand worse, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our Household's Monument :
As for that heinous tygress *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning ;
Then, afterwards, we'll order well the State ;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt omnes.



n:

c,

f.



H. Gravé in Vol. 6. P. 267.

G. Vander Gucht Scul.



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.





Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, } *Sons to the King.*
Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Banquo, }

Lenox, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Macduff, }
Rosse, }
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Siward, his Son.

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewomen, attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act, lyes in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.*





M A C B E T H.

A C T I.

SCENE, *an open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

I W I T C H.



H E N shall we three meet again ?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's
done,

When the Battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere Set of Sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place ?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*

1 *Witch.* I come, I come, *Grimalkin.* —

2 *Witch.* *Padocke* calls — anon !

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

M 3

SCENE

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SCENE changes to the Palace at Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. **W**HAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood:
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choke their Art: the merciless Macdonald
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for to That
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glass^{es} was supply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's Minion carved out his passage,
'Till he had fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come, (1)
Dis-

(1) *So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swell'd.]* I have not disturb'd the Text here,
as the Sense does not absolutely require it; tho' Dr. Thirlby
prescribes a very ingenious and easy Correction.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 271

Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark ;
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping *Kernes* to trust their heels ;
But the *Norwegian* lord, surveying vantage,
With furbisht arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* ?

Cap. Yes,
As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd ; with double cracks, (2)
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell ———

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. ———

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds :
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

But who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes ?
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King !

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane* ?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norwegian* Banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway,

*So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Discomforts well'd.*

i. e. stream'd, flow'd forth : a Word that peculiarly agrees with
the Metaphor of a *Spring*. The Original is *Anglo-Saxon*
peallian, scaturire ; which very well expresses the Diffusion and
Scattering of Water from its Head.

(2) ——— *I must report they were*

As Cannons overcharg'd with double cracks.] Cannons over-
charg'd with Cracks I have no Idea of: My Pointing, I think,
gives the easy and natural Sense. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were like

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Norway, himself with numbers terrible, (3)
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 'The *Thane of Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict;
 'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof, (4)
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
 The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. Now *Sveno*, *Norway's* King, craves composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 'Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes-kill*-isle,
 Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive
 Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;
 And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt*.]

Cannons overcharg'd; why? because they redoubled Strokes on
 the Foe with twice the Fury, and Impetuosity, as before.

(3) *Norway* himself, with Numbers terrible,

Assisted by that, &c.] *Norway* himself assisted, &c. is a Reading we owe to the Editors, not to the Poet. That Energy and Contrast of Expression are lost, which my Pointing restores. The Sense is, *Norway*, who was in himself terrible by his own Numbers, when assisted by *Cawdor*, became yet more terrible.

(4) Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in Proof,

Confronted him with self-Comparisons,

Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish Spirit.] Here again We are to quarrel with the Transposition of an innocent Comma; which however becomes dangerous to Sense, when in the Hands either of a careless or ignorant Editor. Let us see who is it, that brings this rebellious Arm? Why, it is *Bellona's* Bridegroom: and who is He, but *Macbeth*. We can never believe, our Author meant any thing like This. My Regulation of the Pointing restores the true Meaning; that the loyal *Macbeth* confronted the disloyal *Cawdor*, arm to arm,

SCENE

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 273

SCENE *changes to the Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* **W**HERE hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o'th' *Tyger* :
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail;
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,
And the very points they blow ;
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ship-man's card. —
I will drain him dry as hay ;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid ;
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreckt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum !
Macbeth doth come !

All. The Weïrd sisters, hand in hand, (5)

Posters

(5) *The weyward Sisters, band in band,]* The *Witches* are here
speaking of themselves, and it is worth an Enquiry why they
should

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Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine !
Peace ! ——— the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other attendants.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris* ? — What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on't ? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips ; — You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can ; what are you ?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! hail to thee, *Thane of Glamis* !

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth* : hail to thee, *Thane of Cawdor* !

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth* ! that shalt be *King* hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or That indeed [To the Witches.
Which outwardly ye shew ? my noble Partner

should stile themselves the *weyward*, or *wayward* Sisters. This Word in its general Acceptation signifies, *perverse*, *forward*, *moody*, *obstinate*, *untractable*, &c. and is every where so used by our *Shakespeare*. It is improbable, the *Witches* would adopt this Epithet to themselves, in any of these Senses ; and therefore we are to look a little farther for the Poet's Word and Meaning. *Wierd*, in the *Scotch* Language, signifies a *Witch*, or *Wizard* : and therefore, in every Passage, where there is any Relation to these Witches or Wizards, my Emendation must be embraced, and we must read *Wierd*, or *Wierd*.

You

You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of time,
And say, which Grain will grow and which will not ;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail !

2 *Witch.* Hail !

3 *Witch.* Hail !

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none :
So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* !

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more ;
By *Sinel's* death, I know, I'm *Thane* of *Glamis* ;
But how, of *Cawdor* ? the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A prosp'rous gentleman ; and, to be *King*,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
With such prophetick Greeting ? — speak, I charge
you. *[Witches vanish.]*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has ;
And these are of them : whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air : and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind. —
?Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ? (6)
Or

(6) *Were such Things here, as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten of the insane Root,
That takes the Reason prisoner ?]*

Hector Boetbius, who gives us an Account of *Sueno's* Army
being intoxicated by a Preparation put upon them by their
subtle Enemy, informs us ; that there is a Plant, which grows
in great Quantity in *Scotland*, call'd *Solacrum Amentiale* ; that its
Berries are purple, or rather black, when full ripe ; and have a
Quality

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Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the Reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane of Cawdor* too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To th' self same tune, and words ; who's here ?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success ; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy self didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came Post on Post ; and every one did bear-
Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defence :
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal Master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor* :
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane* !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true ?

Macb. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives ;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was

Quality of laying to Sleep ; or of driving into *Madness*, if a more
than ordinary Quantity of them be taken. This Passage of
Boetius, I dare say, our Poet had an Eye to : and, I think, it
fairly accounts for his Mention of the *insane Root*.

Combin'd

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Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confes'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glamis* and *Thane of Cawdor*! [Aside.
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[To *Angus*.
Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings?

[To *Banquo*.
When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of Darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [To *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Macb. Two truths are told, [Aside.
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen——
This supernatural Solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—— If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane of Cawdor*.
If good; why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? present feats (7)

Are

(7) ———— present Fears

Are less than horrible Imaginings.] *Macbeth*, while he is projecting the Murder, which he afterwards puts in Execution, is thrown into the most agonizing Affright at the Prospect of it: which soon recovering from, thus he reasons on the Nature of his Disorder. But *Imaginings* are so far from being more or less than *present Fears*, that they are the same Things under different Words. *Shakespeare* certainly wrote;

——— present

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Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that Function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our Partner's rapt!

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why, Chance
may crown me, [Aside.
Without my stir.

Ban. New Honours, come upon him,
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was
wrought

With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them — Let us tow'rd the King;
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
[To Banquo.

(The *Interim* having weigh'd it,) let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough: come, friends. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and attendants.

King. **I**S execution done on *Caudebor* yet?
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

— present Feats
Are less than horrible Imaginings.

i. e. When I come to execute this Murder, I shall find it much
less dreadful than my frighted Imagination now presents it to
me. A consideration drawn from the Nature of the Imagination.

Mr. Warburton.

Mal.

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. 'Would, thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it self. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your Throne, and State, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

280 *The Tragedy of MACBETH:*

In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose Places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour must,
Not unaccompanied, invest him only;
But signs of Nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. — Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labour, which is not us'd for
you;
I'll be my self the harbinger, and make joyful
The Hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*! ——— that is
a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The Eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless Kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's
Castle, at Inverness.*

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. **T**HEY met me in the day of success; and I have
learn'd by the perfectest report, they have more
in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to
question them further, they made themselves air, into which
they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came
Missives from the King, who all-bail'd me Thane of
Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted
me,

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me, and r.ferr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail, King that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Carwodor — and shalt be What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness, To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great; Art not without ambition; but without The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, "thus thou must do, if thou have it; " And that which rather thou dost fear to do, " Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden Round, Which fate, and metaphysical aid, doth seem To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming. One of my fellows had the speed of him; Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;

He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Mes.*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under

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Under my battlements. Come, all you Spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th'acces and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers!
Where-ever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. — Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold! —

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Caswdor! [Embracing him.
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ign'rant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall Sun that morrow see! —

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men (8)

(8) *Your Face, my Thane, is as a Book, where Men
May read strange Matters to beguile the Time.*

Look like the Time,] I have ventur'd against the Authority
of all the Copies, to alter the Pointing of this Passage: and, I
hope, with some Certainty. The *Lady* undoubtedly means,
that *Macbeth* looks so full of thought and solemn Reflection up-
on the purpos'd act, that, she fears, People may comment upon
the Reason of his Gloom: and therefore desires him, in order to
take off and prevent such Comments, to wear a Face of Plea-
sure and Entertainment; and look like the Time, the better to
deceive the Time.

May

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May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, before Macbeth's Castle-Gate.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. **T**HIS Castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd Mansionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, see! our honour'd Hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
(In every point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and single business to contend

Against

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Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our House. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We court him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, (sharp as his spur,) hath holp him
To's home before us; fair and noble Hostess,
We are your guest to night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly;
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, Hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's
Castle.

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers servants with dishes
and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. **I**F it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the Be all and the End-all—*Here, (9)*
But *here*, upon this Bank and Shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach

(9) *But here, upon this Bank and School of Time.*
Bank and School—What a monstrous Couplement, as Don
Armado says, is here of heterogeneous Ideas! I have ventur'd to
amend, which restores a Consonance of Images,

—on this Bank and Shoal of Time.
i. e. this Shallow, this narrow Ford of human Life, opposed to
the great Abyss of Eternity.

Bloody

Bloody instructions: which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed Justice
Returns th' Ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd (10)
Upon the silent courfers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
And falls on th' other —

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sort of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd your self? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale

(10) — or Heav'n's Cherubin hors'd upon the sightless Cour-
sers of the Air.] But the Cherubin is the Courier; so that he
can't be said to be hors'd upon another Courier. We must read,
therefore, *Courfers*. Mr. Warburton.

At

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At what it did so freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have That,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' Adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves; and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me——
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!

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For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

SCENE, *A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the
clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in
heav'n,

Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Pow'rs!

Restrain in me the curst thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Give me my sword: who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban.

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Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed.
He hath to night been in unusual pleasure,
And sent great larges to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weïrd sisters:
To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business;
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppres'd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. —

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

Or

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Or else worth all the rest — I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing. —
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings : and wither'd Murther,
(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou found and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about ;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whilst I threat, he lives —

[*A Bell rings.*]

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.]

Enter Lady.

Lady. That, which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold :

What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark !
peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night — he is about it —

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their

Posslets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there ? — — — what ho !

Lady. Alack ! I am afraid, they have awak'd ;
And 'tis not done ; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us — hark ! — I laid their daggers ready,
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He could not miss 'em. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't — My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed ——— didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! — who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady. *Donalbain.*

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looks on his hands.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd,
Murder!

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, " God bless us! and, " Amen!
the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, " Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder Sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second Course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. ———

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore *Caewdor*

Shall

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Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking! [Starting.
How is it with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnardine,
Making the green one red —

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking [Knock.
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easie is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended — hark, more knocking!
[Knock.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost,
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know my self.

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Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: 'would, thou
couldst!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within*] *Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Who's there i' th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, here's an *English* taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* hole: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second
cock:

And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclu-

sion,

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sion, equivocates him into a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs some time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, Both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, physicks pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service. *[Exit Macduff.]*

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: And, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to th' woeful time:

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.

Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!

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Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee —

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life? —

Len. Mean you his Majesty? —

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. — Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak your selves: awake! awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Len.*]

Ring the alarum-bell — murder! and treason!

Banquo, and *Donalbain*! *Malcolm*! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death it self — up, up, and see

The great Doom's image — *Malcolm*! *Banquo*!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,

(11) To countenance this horror. —

Bell rings. *Enter Lady Macbeth.*

Lady. What's the business.

That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? speak.

Macd. Gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.

The repetition in a woman's ear

Would murder as it fell — O *Banquo*, *Banquo*!

Enter

(11) *To countenance this horror.* Ring the Bell.]

I have ventur'd to throw out these last Words, as no part of the Text. *Macduff* had said at the Beginning of his Speech, *Ring out th' Alarum Bell*; But if the Bell had rung out immediately, not a Word of what he says could have been distinguish'd. *Ring the Bell*, I say, was a Marginal Direction in the *Prompter's Book* for him to order the Bell to be rung, the Minute that *Macduff* ceases speaking.

In proof of this, we may observe, that the Hemistich ending

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Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house? ———

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Macduff, I pr'ythee, contradict thy self,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; Renown, and Grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them. ———

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and
furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.

ing *Macduff's* speech, and That beginning *Lady Macbeth's*,
make up a compleat Verse. Now if *Ring the Bell* had been a
part of the Text, can we imagine the Poet would have begun
the *Lady's* speech with a broken Line?

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The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here, lay *Duncan*;
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd Stabs look'd like a breach in Nature,
For Ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers;
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [Seeming to faint.

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady;

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt.

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easie. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal.

Mal. This murtherous shaft, that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals it self when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Outside of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Ross, with an old Man.

Old Man. **T**Hreescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've
seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage: by th' clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tawring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and
certain!) (12)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of the Race,

(12) *And Duncan's Horses, (a Thing most strange and certain!)
Beauteous and swift, the Minions of their Race.]*

I am pretty certain, all the Copies have err'd, one after another, in this Reading: and that I have restor'd the true One. The Poet does not mean, that they were the best of their Breed; but that they were *excellent Racers*: in which Sense he very poetically calls them, the *Minions of the Race*. This is a Mode of Expression, which he seems very fond of.

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Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
Deed?

Macd. Those, that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the Deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still; ———

Thrifless ambition! that wilt ravin up

Thine own life's means — Then 'tis most like,

The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*—
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-bill*,
The sacred storehouse of his Predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,
(adieu;)

Left our old robes fit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T



A C T III.

SCENE, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

THOU hast it now ; King, *Carwodor, Glamis*, all
The weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou plaid'st most foully for't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy Posterity ;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? but, hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Rossie, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me ; to the which, my Duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's Council ; but
We'll take to morrow. Is it far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twill

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'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confessing
Their cruel Particide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of That to morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Flance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:
'And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time (13)

'Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep our self

'Till supper time alone: till then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

Manent Macbeth, and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men.

Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the Palace-gate.

(13) *Let ev'ry Man be Master of his Time*

Till sev'n at night, to make Society

The sweeter welcome: We will keep our self

Till Supper Time alone.] I am surpriz'd, none of the

Editors should quarrel with the Pointing. How could ev'ry
Man's being Master of his own Time till Night, make Society
then the sweeter? for, so, every Man might have gone into
Company in the mean while, and pall'd himself for the Night's
Entertainment. My Regulation, I dare warrant, retrieves the
Poet's Meaning, "Let every Man (says the King,) be Master
" of his own time till Seven o' Clock: and that I may have the
" Stronger Enjoyment of your Companies then, I'll abstain from
" all Company till Supper-time."

Macb.

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Macb. Bring them before us ——— To be thus, is nothing;

[*Exit serv.*]

But to be safely thus. ——— Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose Being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Antony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, Prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my gripe,
'Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd:
Put rancours in the vessel of my Peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings: the Seed of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather than so, come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance! ——— who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches? know,
That it was he, in the time past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd; the instruments,
Who

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Who wrought with them: and all things else, that might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your Patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb.

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Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his Being thrusts
Against my near'th of life ; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my Will avouch it ; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop ; but wail his Fall,
Whom I my self struck down : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives ———

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour
at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves ;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,
The moment on't ; (for't must be done to night,
And something from the Palace : always thought,
That I require a Clearness :) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the Work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded ; — *Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,

If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. I S *Banquo* gone from Court ?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to
night.

Lady.

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Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, 'all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be That which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone ?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on ? things without all remedy
Should be without regard ; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—(14)
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice

(14) *We have scorched the Snake, not kill'd it,*

She'll close, and be herself ;] This is a Passage, which has all along passed current thro' the Editions, and yet, I dare affirm, is not our Author's Reading. What has a Snake, *closing* again, to do with its being *scorch'd* ? Scorching would never either *separate*, or *dilate*, its Parts ; but rather make them instantly *contract* and *spriwel*. SHAKESPEARE, I am very well persuaded, had this Notion in his head ; that if you cut a Serpent or Worm asunder, in several Pieces, there is such an unctuous Quality in their Blood, that the dismember'd Parts, being only placed near enough to touch one another, will cement and become as whole as before the Injury receiv'd. The Application of this Thought is to *Duncan*, the murder'd King, and his surviving Sons. *Macbeth* considers them so much as Members of the Father, that tho' he has cut off the Old Man, he would say, he has not entirely kill'd him, but he'll revive again in the Lives of his Sons. Can we doubt therefore but that the Poet wrote, as I have restor'd to the Text,

We have scotch'd the Snake, not kill'd it ?

To *scotch*, however the generality of our Dictionaries happen to omit the Word, signifies, to *notch*, *slash*, *hack*, *cut*, with Twigs, Swords, &c. and so our Poet more than once has used it in his Works.

Remains

Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,
(Whom we, to gain our Place, have sent to Peace)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasie. — *Duncan* is in his Grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright, and jovial, 'mong your guests to night.

Macb. So shall I, Love; and so, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.
Present him Eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards t'our hearts, disguising what they are! —

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.

Lady. But in them Nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecat's* summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A Deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou applaud the Deed: come, feeling Night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:

Good

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Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
 Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by Ill:
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to a Park; the Castle at
 a distance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. **B**UT who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. *Macbeth.*

2 Mur. He needs not our Mistrust, since he delivers
 Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo. [*within.*] Give us light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he: the rest,
 That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i'th' Court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
 (So all men do,) from hence to th' Palace-gate.
 Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light.

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

[*They assault Banquo.*]

Ban. Oh, treachery!

Fly, Fleance, fly, fly, fly,

Thou

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Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but One down; the son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to a Room of State in
the Castle.*

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,
And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome. [They sit.]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst;

Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure

The table round — There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murderer, aside, at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, That I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,

Fleance

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Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and gen'ral, as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo's* safe? —

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath Nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear't our selves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making;
'Tis given, with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it,

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present, —
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!)

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.]

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb.

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Macb. Thou can't not say, I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The Fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

[*To Macb. aside.*]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That,
Which might appal the Devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very Painting of your fear; [*aside.*]
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it self! —
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too. —
If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send
Those, that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him. —

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere human Statute purg'd the gen'ral weal; (15)

(15) *Ere human Statute purg'd the gentle Weal.*] Thus all the
Editions: but Mr. Warburton very justly advis'd, as I have re-
form'd the Text, *gen'ral Weal*: "And it is a very fine *Peri-*
"*phrasis* (says He) to signify, *ere civil Societies were instituted.*
"For the early Murders recorded in Scripture, are here alluded
"to: and *Macbeth's* apologizing for Murder from the Antiquity
"of the Example is very natural."

Ay,

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Ay, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget. —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange Infirmary, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, Love and Health to all!
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full —
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*

Macb. Avant, and quit my fight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach Thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcean* tyger,
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the Desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, so, — being gone,

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again: pray you, sit still. [*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
Meeting

With

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With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such fights;
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;

Question enrages him: at once good night.
Stand not upon the Order of your Going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good night, to all.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have
blood;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, that understood relations, have
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a *Thane* of them, but in his house (16)
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:

More

(16) *There is not One of them,*] Thus the modern Editors.
But, *One of Whom?* *Macbeth* has just said, that he heard, *Mac-*
duff meant to disobey his Summons: and he would immediately
subjoin, that there is not a Man of *Macduff's* Quality in the
Kingdom, but He has a Spy under his Roof. This is under-
stood, not express'd, as the Text as yet has stood: The old
Folio's give us the Passage thus;

There's not a one of them—

Here

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More shall they speak ; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good.
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the Season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep ; my strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :

We're yet but young in Deed. (17) [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* **W**H Y, how now, *Hecat'*, you look an-
gerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are ?
Sawcy, and over-bold ! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death ?
And I, the mistress of your Charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done

Here we again meet with a deprav'd Reading ; but it is such
a One, as, I am persuaded, has led me to the Poet's true Word
and Meaning.

There's not a Thane of them,

i. e. a Nobleman : and so the Peers of Scotland were all call'd,
till Earls were created by *Malcolme* the Son of *Duncan*.

(17) *We're yet but young* indeed.] If we transpose these Words,
we shall find, they amount to no more than This, *We are yet*
indeed but young. But this is far from comprizing either the
Poet's, or *Macbeth's*, Meaning. I read, — *in Deed*, i. e. but
little inur'd yet to Acts of Blood and Cruelty : for Time and
Practice harden Villains in their Trade, who are timorous till
so harden'd.

Hath

Hath been but for a weyward son ;
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now ; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*

Meet me i'th' morning : thither he

Will come, to know his destiny ;

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your Charms and every thing beside.

I am for th' Air : this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal, fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon :

Upon the corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound ;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground ;

And That, distill'd by magick flights,

Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :

And, you all know, Security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Musick and a Song.*

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,

Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
again.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to a chamber.*

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. MY former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret farther : only, I say,

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*

Was pitied of *Macbeth* — marry, he was dead : —

And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.

Whom, you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,

For *Fleance* fled : men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too

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O

It

314 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not straight
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny't. So, that, I say,
 He has borne all things well; and I do think,
 That had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,
 (As, an't please heav'n, he shall not;) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.
 But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Son of *Duncan*, (18)
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of Birth,

Lives

(18) *The Sons of Duncan*

From whom this Tyrant holds the Due of Birth,] I have set right
 this Passage against the Authority of our unobserving Editors.
 And the Proofs of my Emendation are obvious. In the first
 place, *Macbeth* could not be said to hold the Due of Birth from
 Both *Duncan's* Sons. The Succession to the Crown was the
 Right of *Malcolm*; and *Donalbain* could have no Right to it, as
 long as his Elder Brother or any of his Issue were in Being. In
 the next place, the Sons of *Duncan* did not Both shelter in the
English Court. Upon the Discovery of their Father's Murder,
 we find them thus determining.

Malc. ————— I'll to England.

Donal. To Ireland I; our separated Fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer. —————

This Determination, 'tis plain, they immediately put into Act,
 or *Macbeth* had very ill Intelligence:

*We bear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
 In England and in Ireland.*

Nor were they together, even at the time when *Malcolm* dis-
 puted his Right with *Macbeth*.

Who knows, if Donalbain be with his Brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not.

Besides, *Hector Boethius* and *Erlinghead* (the latter of whom
 out

Lives in the *English* Court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious *Edward* with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;
That by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratifie the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "you'll rue the time,
" That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a care to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift Blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him. [Exeunt.]

our Author precisely follows;) both inform us, that *Donalbain*
remain'd in *Ireland* till the Death of *Malcolm* and his Queen;
and then, indeed, he came over, invaded *Scotland*, and wrested
the Crown from One of his Nephews.





A C T IV.

SCENE, *a dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.
² *Witch.* Twice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
³ *Witch.* Harper crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.
¹ *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
 In the poison'd entrails throw.

[They march round the cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their Charm.]

Toad that under the cold stone,
 Days and nights has, thirty one,
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
 Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

¹ *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake;
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
 For a Charm of pow'rful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

³ *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf

Of

Of the ravening salt sea-shark ;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew :
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;
 Make the gruel thick, and slab.
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

}

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh ! well done ! I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share i'th' gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

}

Musick and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,
 Blue spirits and grey,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
 Something wicked this way comes :
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
 hags ?
 What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight

O 3

Against

318 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow Navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of Nature's Germins tumble all together, (19)
 Even till destruction sicken: answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
 From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame:

All. Come high or low:

Thy self and office deftly show.

[*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff!*
 Beware the *Thane of Fife*——dismiss me——enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution,
 thanks.

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more——

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another

(19) ————*Tho' the Treasure*

Of Nature's germins tumble all together,]

Thus all the printed Copies; and Mr. Pope has explain'd *Ger-*
mains by *Kindred*: but I have already prov'd in a Note upon
K. Lear, that we must read, *Germins*, i. e. Seeds.

More

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 319

More potent than the first.

[Thunder.

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*.

[Descends.

Macb. Then live, *Macduff*: what need I fear of
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lyes;
And sleep in spite of thunder.

[Thunders.

*Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand,
rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-nettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Birnam*-wood to *Dunsmuir's* high hill
Shall come against him.

[Descends.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious head rise never, 'till the wood (20)

OF

(20) *Rebellious Dead, rise never till the Wood*

Of Birnam rise, &c.] Thus all the Impressions, from the very
Beginning, exhibit this Passage: but I cannot imagine what No-
tion the Editors could have of the *Dead* being *rebellious*. It
looks to me, as if they were content to believe the Poet ge-
nuine, wherever he was mysterious beyond being understood.
The Emendation of one Letter gives us clear Sense, and the
very Thing which *Macbeth* should be suppos'd to say here. We
must restore

O 4

Rebel-

320 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
 Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom! — Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your Art
 Can tell so much) shall *Banquo's* issue ever
 Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know,
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and (21)*
Banquo; the last, with a glass in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!
 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls. — And thy hair
 (Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first —

Rebellious Head rise never, —

i. e. Let Rebellion never make Head against me, till a Forest
 move, and I shall reign long enough in Safety.

(21) *Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo*
last, with a Glass in his hand.] The Editors could not help blun-
 dering even in this Stage-Direction. For 'tis not *Banquo*, who
 brings the Glass; as is evident from the following Speech:

And yet the Eighth appears, who bears a Glass,
Which shews me many more: and Some I see,
That twofold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.

I have quoted the last Line, because it will not be amiss to
 observe, that this fine Play, 'tis probable, was not writ till af-
 ter *Q. Elizabeth's* Death. These Apparitions, tho' very pro-
 perly shewn with Regard to *Macbeth*, yet are more artfully so,
 when we consider the Address of the Poet in complimenting
 K. *James I.* here upon his uniting *Scotland* to *England*: and
 when we consider too, that the Family of the *Stuarts* are said
 to be the direct Descendents from *Banquo*.

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A third is like the former — filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? — Start,
eye!

What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of Doom? —
Another yet? — A seventh! I'll see no more —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,
While you perform your antick round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick.*

[*The witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone? — Let this pernicious
hour

Stand ay accursed in the kalendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

322 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
done!

The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more fights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to *Macduff's Castle at Fife.*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rossie.

L. Macd. WHAT had he done, to make him fly
the Land?

Rossie. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rossie. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rossie. My Dearest Cousin,
I pray you, school your self; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further,
But

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you?

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort,
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! Thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime:

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, Mother? poor birds, they are
not fet for.

My father is not dead for all your Saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet,
i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one, that does so, is a traitor, and
must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd.

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L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
'To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
'To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
'To say, I'd done no harm?——what are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [Stabbing him.]
Young fry of treachery?

Son.

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Son. He's kill'd me, mother.
Run away, pray you.
[*Exit L. Macduff, crying Murther; Murtherers pursue her.*]

SCENE *changes to the King of England's Palace.*

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. LET us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Beset our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but some-
thing (22)

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. I crave your pardon:

(22) ————— *I'm young, but something*

You may discern of him through me, &c.] If the whole
Tenour of the Context could not have convinced our blind Edi-
tors, that we ought to read *deserve* instead of *discern*, (as I have
corrected in the Text,) yet *Macduff's* Answer, sure, might have
given them some light, ————— *I am not treacherous.*

That

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That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose ;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace must look still so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties : you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country !
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee ! Wear thou thy wrongs,

His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended ;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yolk ;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my Right :
And here from gracious *England* have I Offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd

With

With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In Evils to top *Macbeth*:

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That Vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that, were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sawce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root (23)
Than

(23) ————— grows with more pernicious Root
Than summer-seeming Lust.] Mr. Warburton concurr'd
with me in observing, that *Summer-seeming* has no Manner of
Sense:

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Than summer-teeming lust; and it hath been
The Sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons, to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Macd. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of Concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland!* *Scotland!* —————

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred!
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his Breed. Thy royal father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. *Macduff*, this noble Passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul

Sense: We therefore Both corrected conjecturally,

Than Summer-teeming Lust.

i. e. the Passion, which lasts no longer than the *Heat* of Life,
and which goes off in the *Winter* of Age. Besides, the Meta-
phor is much more just by our Emendation; for Summer is
the Season in which Weeds get Strength, grow rank, and dilate
themselves.

Wip'd

Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*
By many of these trains hath fought to win me
Into his pow'r : and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste ; But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeake mine own detraction ; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life : my first false-speaking
Was this upon my self. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor Country's, to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward* with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once ;
'Tis hard to reconcile:

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon. Comes the King forth, I
pray you ?

Doct. Ay, Sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his Cure ; their malady convinces
The great assay of Art. But, at his Touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

[*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil ;
A most miraculous Work in this good King,
Which often since my here remain in *England*
I've seen him do. How he sollicit heav'n,
Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited people,

ALL

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All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden Stamp about their Necks,
Put on with holy Prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My country man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor Country,
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasie: the dead-man's Knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well. —

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too —

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at Peace, when I did
leave 'em.

Macd.

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Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot ;
Now is the time of help ; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither : gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the defart air,
Where Hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The gen'ral cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest Sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n !
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words ; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ! ———

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd.

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Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted,

Let's make us med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.——All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? what, all? oh, hell kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a Man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell Slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my self;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



A C T V.

SCENE, *An Ante-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it, she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; Yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo, you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent.

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Gent. It is an accustom'd Action with her, to seem thus washing her hands : I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out ! damned spot ; out, I say — one ; two ; why then, 'tis time to do't — hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afraid ? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ? — yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ?

Doct. Do you mark that ?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a wife ; where is she now ; what will these hands ne'er be clean ? — no more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : heav'n knows, what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Doct. What a sigh is there ? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well —

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-gown, look not so pale — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried ; he cannot come out of his Grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate ! come, come, come, come, give me your hand : what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Ex. La.*

Doct.

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Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad ; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their Secrets.
More needs she the Divine, than the Physician.
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her ; so, good night.
My mind she's mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Field ; with a Wood
at distance.*

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. **T**HE *English* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam-wood*

Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not : I've a file
Of all the Gentry ; there is *Siward's* son, (24)

(24) ————— *there is Siward's Son,*

And many unruff'd Youths, that even now

Protest their first of Manhood.] This unruff'd is a tacit

Sophistication put upon us by *Mr. Pope*, in his extraordinary
Sagacity ; implying, that *Malcolm* had many Soldiers in his Ranks
too young to wear a *Ruffe*. This happy Construction might se-
duce One into an Error, who was not acquainted with that Gen-
tleman's Spirit of Criticism. 'Tis true, the old Editions read
— *unruffe* Youths ; and our great *Orbilius* did not discern that
this was the antiquated way of spelling, *unreugh*, i. e. smooth-
chin'd, *imberbis*. And our Author particularly delights in this
Mode of Expression.

And

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And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies;
Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
It self, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,

To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,

To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make up our March towards *Birnam*.

S C E N E, *the Castle of DUNSINANE.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. **B**RING me no more Reports, let them
fly all:

'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunfinane*,

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?

Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know

All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it:

'Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man, that's born of woman,

'Shall e'er have power upon thee. — Then fly, false

Thanes,

And

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And mingle with the *English* Epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown !
Where got'st thou that goose-look ?

Ser. There are ten-thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence — *Seyton* ! — I'm sick at heart.

When I behold — *Seyton*, I say ! — This push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf :
And that, which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have : but, in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton, —

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be hackt ;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round ;
Hang those, that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your Patient, Doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

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As

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As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her Rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw phyick to the dogs, I'll none of it —
Come, put my armour on ; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me —
Come, Sir, dispatch — If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health ;
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say —
What rubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these *English* hence ! hear'st thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal Preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me ;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam*-forest come to *Dunfinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunfinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to Birnam-Wood.*

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteth,
Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. COUSINS, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And

And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe :
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue Strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE changes to the Castle of Dunfinane.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and
colours.*

Macb. **H**ANG out our banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, *they come* : our Castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?
[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,

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As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that Cry?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a Tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious lord,
I should report That which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not, if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam*-wood
"Do come to *Dunfinane*," — and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,

There

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There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun;
And wish, the state o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell; blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least, we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *before* DUNSLANE.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, *and their Army*
with Boughs.

Mal. **N**OW, near enough: your leavy screens throw
down,
And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:

Do We but find the Tyrant's Power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all
breath,

Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter
name,

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

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Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred Tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Siward's slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman; —
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be —
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord, the Castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes,
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [Exeunt. *Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd.

Macd. I've no words ;
My voice is in my sword ! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour ;
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy Charm !
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue, that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man :
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope ! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
' Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet :
And to be baited with the rabble's Curse.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunfinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, *Macduff* ;
And damn'd be he, that first cries, " hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends, we miss, were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off : and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

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Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then is he dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score.
So, God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands

Th' Usurper's cursed head; the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]

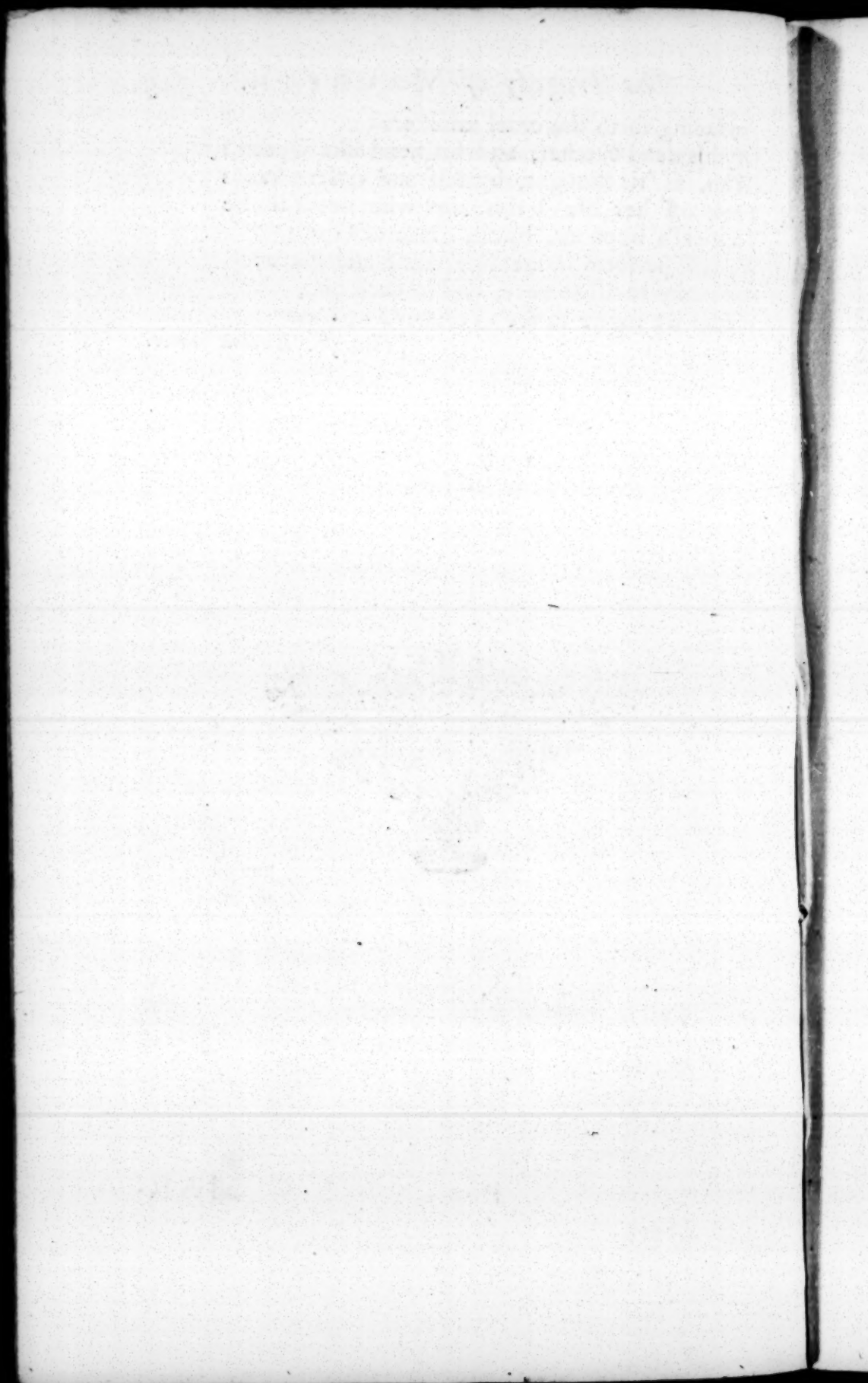
Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Tbanes* and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

Producing

Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen ;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ;) this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*]







H. gravelet in Vol. 6. P. 347.

G. Vander Gucht Scul.



C. M A R C I U S

C O R I O L A N U S.





Dramatis Personæ.

CAIUS Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman, hated by the common People.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians, and*
Cominius, } *Friends to Coriolanus.*

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and enemies to*
Junius Brutus, } *Coriolanus.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly in the
Territories of the Volscians, and Antiates.*





CORIO LANUS.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Street in ROME.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with slaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 CITIZEN.



BEFORE we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Marcius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good: what Authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely:
but

but they think, we are too dear ; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance ; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes : for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Marcius* ?

All. Against him first : he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you, what services he has done for his Country ?

1 *Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't ; but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end ; though soft-conscienc'd Men can be content to say, it was for his Country ; he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him : you must in no ways say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those ? the other side o' th' City is risen ; why stay we prating here ? To the Capitol ———

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft — who comes here ?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa* ; one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough ; 'would, all the rest were so !

Men. What Work's, my Countrymen, in hand ?
where go you

With bats and clubs ? the matter——Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.*

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds: they say, poor Suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours,

Will you undo your selves?

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you: For your wants, Your sufferings in this Dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the *Roman* State; whose Course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand Curbs Of more strong Links asunder, than can ever Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and Your Knees to them (not Arms) must help. Alack, You are transported by Calamity Thither, where more attends you; and you slander The Helms o'th' State, who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them as Enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us! — true, indeed! — they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with grain: make Edicts for Usury, to support Usurers; repeal daily any wholesome Act established against the Rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily to chain up and restrain the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess your selves wond'rous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty Tale, (it may be, you have heard it;) But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
(1) To stale't a little more.

2 Cit.

(1) *To stale't a little more.*] Thus all the Editions, but without any Manner of Sense, that I can find out. The Poet must have

2 *Cit.* Well.

I'll hear it, Sir ——— yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a Tale :
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it ; —
That only, like a Gulf, it did remain
I'th' midst o'th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest ; where th'other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd —

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. (2) Sir, I shall tell you. ——— With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus —
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' discontented Members, th' mutinous Parts,
That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you ———

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer ——— what !
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter ;

have wrote, as I have corrected the Text : and then the Meaning will be plainly this. “ Perhaps, you may have heard my “ Tale already, but for all That, I'll venture to make it more “ *sale* and familiar to You, by telling it over again.” And nothing is more common than the Verb in this Sense, with our three Capital Dramatick Poets.

(2) Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of Smile,

Which ne'er came from the Lungs,] Thus all the Editors, most stupidly, hitherto ; as if *Menenius* were to smile in telling his Story, tho' the Lines, which immediately follow, make it evident that the Belly was meant to smile.

With

With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they ———

Men. What then? ——— 'Fore me, this fellow speaks.
What then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the Sink o' th' body, —

Men. Well, ——— what then?

2 Cit. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers; and thus answer'd;
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the Court, the Heart; to th' seat o'th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And tho' that all at once,
You, my good Friends, (this says the belly) mark
me ———

2 Cit. Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer; ——— how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous Members; for examine
Their Counsels, and their Cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'th' Common; you shall find,

No

No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this Assembly! ———

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why, the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' th' lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage. ———

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:

(3) 'The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble *Marcius*!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make your selves scabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

(3) *The one Side must have Bail.*] It must be the vanquish'd
Side, sure, that could want it; and who were likely to be their
Bail? But it is endless to question with Negligence and Stupidity.
The Poet, undoubtedly, wrote, as I have restor'd;

The one Side must have Bale

i. e. Sorrow, Misfortune, must have the worst of it, be discomfited. I have restored this Word in some other Passages of our Author; where the Editors seem'd not to be aware of any such Word in our Language.

Or

Or hailstone in the Sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice, did it. Who deserves Great-
ness,

Deserves your Hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most That
Which would encrease his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ———
trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the several places of the City
You cry against the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? what's their Seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they
say,
The City is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they say! ———
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to rise;
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give
out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feeble such, as stand not in their Liking,
Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's Grain
enough!

Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd Slaves as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em,
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs;
That *hunger broke stone walls* — that *dogs must eat*, —
That

That meat was made for mouths——that the Gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only—— With these shreds
They vented their complainings: which being answer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the heart of Generosity,
And make bold Power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' Moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not —— s'death,
The rabble should have first unroof'd the City,
Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes
For Insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Marcius*?

Mar. Here —— what's the matter?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best Elders! ——

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

Sen. *Marcius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make

Only

Only my wars with him. He is a lion,
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy *Marcus*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant : *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' face.

What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, *Caius Marcus*,

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other ;
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true-bred !

1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol ; where, I know,
Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on ;

Follow, *Cominius* ; we must follow you ;

Right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble *Lartius* ! ———

1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes — be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow ;
The *Volsians* have much Corn : take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful Mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth ; pray, follow. ———

[*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud, as is this *Marcus* ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the People—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the
Gods——

Sic. Be-mock the modest Moon,——

Bru. The present Wars devour him ; he is grown
Too proud, to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon ; but I do wonder,

His

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius*.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A Place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Marcus*: oh, if he
Had borne the business ———

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on *Marcus*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come,
Half all *Cominius*' Honours are to *Marcus*,
Though *Marcus* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Marcus* shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

1 *Sen.* SO, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence—these are the words—I think.
I have the letter here; yes—here it is;

“ They have prest a Power, but it is not known

[*Reading.*]

“ Whether for East or West; the Dearth is great,

“ The

“ The People mutinous ; and it is rumour’d,
“ *Cominius, Marcius* your old enemy,
“ (Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
“ And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant *Roman*,
“ These three lead on this preparation
“ Whither ’tis bent—most likely, ’tis for you :
“ Consider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our Army’s in the Field :
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil’d, ’till when
They needs must shew themselves ; which in the
hatching,

It seem’d, appear’d to *Rome*. By the discovery
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, ere (almost) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commission, hie you to your bands ;
Let us alone to guard *Corioli* ;
If they set down before’s, for the Remove
Bring up your Army : but, I think, you’ll find,
They’ve not prepar’d for us.

Auf. O, doubt not That,
I speak from certainties. Nay more.
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If We and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
’Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
’Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your Honours safe !

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Caius Marcius's House in*
R O M E.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. **I** Pray you, Daughter, sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: if my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of Kings' entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak, I tell thee, Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good Report should have been my Son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their Country, than one voluptuously surfeit, out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire my self.

Vol. Indeed, thou shalt not:

Methinks, I hither hear your Husband's Drum:
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:

(As

(As children from a bear) the *Volsci* shunning him :
 Methinks, I see him stamp thus — and call thus —
 “ Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
 “ Though you were born in *Rome* ;” his bloody brow
 With his mail’d hand then wiping, forth he goes
 Like to a harvest man, that’s task’d to mow
 Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! oh, *Jupiter*, no blood ! —

Vol. Away, you fool ; it more becomes a man,
 Than Gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,
 When she did suckle *Hector*, look’d not lovelier
 Than *Hector*’s forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At *Grecian* swords contending ; tell *Valeria*,
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heav’ns bless my Lord from fell *Aufidius* !

Vol. He’ll beat *Aufidius*’ head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies Both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam —

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship —

Val. How do you Both ? you are manifest House-keepers. What are you sowing here ? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little Son ?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship : well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O’ my word, the Father’s Son : I’ll swear, ’tis a very pretty Boy. O’ my troth, I look’d on him o’ *Wednesday* half an hour together — h’as such a confirm’d countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; and caught it again ; or whether his Fall enrag’d him, or how ’twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it ; oh, I warrant, how he mammockt it !

Vol. One of’s Father’s moods.

Val. Indeed, la, ’tis a noble Child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

VOL. VI.

Q

Val.

Val. Come, lay aside your Stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they say, all the yarn, she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam ———

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a Senator speak it. Thus it is ——— The *Volsicians* have an army forth, against whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* Power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their City *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, Lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would: fare you well, then. Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*,
turn

turn thy Solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not.
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Walls of Corioli.*

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Messenger.

Mar. **Y**onder comes news: a wager, they have met.
Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mes. They lye in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend him you,
I will,

For half an hundred years: Summon the Town.

Mar. How far off lye these armies?

Mes. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded Friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little: hark, our Drums

[*Drum afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our Youth: we'll break our Walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[*Alarum, far off.*]

There is *Aufidius*. List, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Q 2

Mar.

Mar. Oh, they are at it! —

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volscians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their City.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave

Titus,

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts;
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscian*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.]

Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. (4) All the Contagion of the South light on
you,

You shames of *Rome*, you! — herds of boils and plagues
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! — you souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and *Hell*!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;

(4) *All the Contagion of the South light on You,*

You Shames of Rome; you Herds; of Boils and Plagues

Plaister you o'er, &c.] Thus miserably did the old Editors give us this Passage mangled by bad Pointing; and Mr. Pope would not indulge his private Sense, by any Alteration to make it intelligible. The meanest Judges of *English* must be aware, that no Member of any Sentence can begin with a *Genitive Case*, and a preceding *Nominative* be wanting to govern *That* and the *Verb*. Where, therefore, is the *Nominative* to, — of *Boils and Plagues plaister you o'er*? Or what Sense or Syntax is there in the Passage as it here stands?

If

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds;
'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in: *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Marcius*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-does his senseless sword, (5)
And, when it bows, stands up: thou art left, *Marcius*—
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier (6)

Even

(5) *Who sensibly outdares his senseless Sword,
And when it bows, stands up.]*

The fine and easy Emendation of this Passage, which I have
inserted in the Text, is owing to the ingenious Dr. *Tbirlby*.

(6) *Thou wast a Soldier*

Even to Calvus' Wish;]

T. Lartius is here summing up his Friend's Character, as a War-
rior that was terrible in his Strokes, in the Tone of his Voice,
and the Grimness of his Countenance. But who was this *Cal-
vus*, that wish'd these three Characteristicks in a Soldier? I'm
afraid, *Greek* and *Roman* History will be at a loss to account
for such a Man and such Circumstances join'd to signalize him.
I formerly amended the Passage, and prov'd that the Poet must
have wrote,

Even to Cato's Wish; —

Even to *Cato's* wish, not fierce and terrible
 Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussive of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir. ———

Lart. O, 'tis *Marcus*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these Movers, that do prize their honours

At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons,
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;

The Error probably arose from the Similitude in the Manuscript of *to* to *lo*: and so this unknown Wight *Calvus* sprung up. I come now to the Authorities for my Emendation. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Coriolanus*, speaking of this *Hero*, says; *He was a Man (that which CATO requir'd in a Warrior) not only dreadful to meet with in the Field, by reason of his Hand and Stroke; but insupportable to an Enemy, for the very Tone and Accent of his Voice: and the sole Terror of his Aspect.*— This again is confirm'd by the Historian, in the Life of *Marcus CATO* the Censor. *In Engagements (says He;) he would use to strike lustily, with a fierce Countenance stare upon his Enemies, and with a harsh threatening Voice accost them. Nor was he out of his Opinion, whilst he taught, that such rugged kind of Behaviour sometimes does strike the Enemy more than the Sword itself.*

And

And hark, what noise the General makes! — to him; —
 There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
 Piercing our *Romans*: then, valiant *Titus*, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the City;
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent
 For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
 My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
 The blood, I drop, is rather physical
 Than dangerous to me.

T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
 Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords! bold gentleman!
 Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less,
 Than those she placeth highest! so, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest *Marcus*,
 Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
 Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
 Where they shall know our mind. Away. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to the Roman Camp.*

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. **B** Reathe you, my friends; well fought; we are
 come off
 Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our Stands,
 Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
 The Charges of our friends. The *Roman* Gods
 Lead their successes, as we wish our own;
 That both our Powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
 May give you thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The citizens of *Corioli* have issued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcus* battle.
I saw our Party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mef. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly, we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news so late?

Mef. Spies of the *Volsicians*
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
'Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcus.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods!
He has the stamp of *Marcus*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of *Marcus*' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye (7)
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,

(7) *Ob! let me clip ye*

In Arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart:

Dr. Thirlby advised the different Regulation in the Pointing of
this Passage; which I have embraced, as I think it much im-
proves the Sense and Spirit, and conveys too the Poet's Thought,
that *Marcus* was as sound in Limb, as when he went a Wooing;
and as merry in Heart, as when going to Bed to his Bride.

And

And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatning the other;
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave;
Which told me, they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone.
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shun'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think —
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

Com. *Marcus*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire; to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Marcus*,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their best trust: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the Vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour. —

Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

Deny your asking; take your choice of those,
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they,
That most are willing; If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this Painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Country's dearer than himself,
Let him, alone, (or many, if so minded)
Wave thus, t'express his disposition,
And follow *Marcus*.

*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

Oh! me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volsians*? none of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd; please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to CORIOLI.

*Titus Lartius having set a guard upon Corioli, going
with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius
Marcus; Enter with a lieutenant, other soldiers,
and a scout.*

Lart. SO, let the Ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lien. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's :
Our guider, come ! to th' *Roman* camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Roman Camp.*

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius, at several doors.

Mar. I'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike :

Not *Africk* owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame, and envy ; fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, *Marcius*,
Halloo me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd ; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights, 'till they be driven in breathless.*]

Officious, and not valiant ! — you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans ; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug ;
I' th' end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,

And,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more ; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, — “ We thank the Gods,
“ Our *Rome* hath such a Soldier ! ” —
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter Titus Lartius with his Power, from the
pursuit.*

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hast thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more : my Mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me :
I have done as you have done ; that's, what I can ;
Induc'd, as you have been ; that's for my Country ;
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The Grave of your deserving : *Rome* must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your Doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death : Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General :

But

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword : I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus, Marcus !
cast up their caps and lances : Cominius and
Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane, (8)

Never sound more ! when drums and trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
Soft, as the parasite's silk, let Hymns be made
An overture for th' wars ! — No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my Nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many else have done ; you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted
In praises fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you :
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst your self you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles ;
Then reason safely with you : therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcus*
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,

(8) *May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more : &c.]*

Several subsequent Verses in this truly fine Passage are dismounted, unnumerous and imperfect : And the Sense, 'tis plain, has been no less maim'd than the Numbers. To remedy This Part, I have had the Assistance of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* ; and with the Benefit of his happy Conjectures, which I have inserted in the Text, the Whole, I hope, is restor'd to that Purity, which was quite lost in the Corruptions.

For

For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the Host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever.

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go wash:

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your Steed, and at all time
To undercrest your good Addition,
To th' fairness of my Power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To *Rome* of our success: you, *Titus Lartius*,
Must to *Corioli* back; send us to *Rome*
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:
I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my lord General.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's house: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I saw him prisoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor Host Freedom.

Com. O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lart. *Marcus*, his name?

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot: —

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE changes to the Camp of the Volsci.

A Flourish. Cornet. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with two or three soldiers.

Auf. THE town is ta'en.
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition !

I would, I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,
 Being a *Volscian*, be that I am. Condition ?
 What good condition can a treaty find
 I'th' part that is at mercy ? Five times, *Marcus*,
 I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me :
 And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
 As often as we eat. By th' Elements,
 If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
 He's mine, or I am his : mine emulation
 Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 True Sword to Sword ; I'll potch at him some way,
 Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle : my valour (poison'd,
 With only suffering stain by him) for him
 Shall flie out of it self : not sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarkments all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to *Marcus*. Where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
 Against the hospitable Canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city ;
 Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must
 Be hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go ?

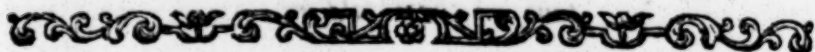
Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you,
 ('Tis South the city-mills) bring me word thither

How

How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, R O M E.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

M E N E N I U S.

THE Augur tells me, we shall have news to night.
Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not *Marc'ius*.

Sic. Nature teaches Beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians*
would the noble *Marc'ius*.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall
ask you:

Both. Well, Sir; —

Men. In what enormity is *Marc'ius* poor, that you two
have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now; do you two know how
you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th'
right hand file, do you?

Bru. Why, — how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not
be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: — give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: — you blame *Marcus* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride — oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias*, fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinderlike, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your Worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those, that say, you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you, you have good faces; if you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? (9) what harm

(9) *What harm can your besom Conspicuities glean out of this Character, &c.*] If the Editors have form'd any Construction to.

harm can your biffon Conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a Cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-feller, and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a Grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or

to themſelves, of this Epithet *beſom*, that can be *à propos* to the Senſe of the Context; — *Davus ſum, non Oedipus*: it is too hard a Riddle for Me to expound. *Menenius*, 'tis plain, is abuſing the Tribunes, and bantering them Ironically. By *Conſpectuities* he muſt mean, their *Sagacity*, *Clearſightedneſs*: and that they may not think he's Complimenting them, he tacks an Epithet to it, which quite undoes that Character; i. e. *biſſon*, blind, bleer-ey'd. *Skinner*, in his *Etymologicon*, explains this Word, *Cæcus*; vox agro *Lincoln*. uſitatiffima, *Ray* concurs, in his *North and South Country Words*. And our Author gives us this Term again in his *Hamlet*, where the Senſe exactly correſponds with this Interpretation.

*Run barefoot up and down, threatening the Flames,
With biſſon Rheum.*

i. e. blinding. It is ſpoken of *Hecuba*, whoſe Eyes o'erflow and are blinded, both with Tears, and the Rheums of Age.

to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Marcus* is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly *Plebeians*. I will be bold to take my leave of you.
[*Brutus and Sicinius stand aside.*]

As Menenius is going out, Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now my (as fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcus* approaches; for the love of *Juno*, let's go.

Men. Ha! *Marcus* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—hoo, *Marcus* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife, another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven year's health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but *Emperic*, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings a victory in his pocket & the wounds become him.

Vol.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw. —

Men. True? I'll be sworn, they are true. Where is he wounded? God save your good Worships; — *Marcus* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud: — where is he wounded? [To the Tribunes.]

Vol. I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i' th' body. (10)

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine, that I know.

(10) *He receiv'd, in the Repulse of Tarquin, Seven Hurts i' th' Body,*

Men. One i' th' Neck, and two i' th' Thigh: there's Nine, that I know.] Seven, — one, — and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist *Menenius* in his Arithmetick. This is a stupid Blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable Reason for the Cause of it, That directs the Emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent Transcriber to omit the second *One* as a needless Repetition of the first, and to make a Numeral Word of *too*.
Mr. Warburton.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven; every gash was an enemy's Grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of *Marcus*; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears :
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Cominius the General*, and *Titus Lartius* ; between them *Coriolanus*, crown'd with an oaken garland, with *Captains and soldiers*, and a *herald*.

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Marcus* did fight
Within *Corioli*' gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Marcus*.
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus* !

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus* !

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother, —

Cor. Oh !

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up :
My gentle *Marcus*, worthy *Caius*, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee ?
But oh, thy wife —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ? ah, my Dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ? O my sweet Lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria.*]

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home ;
And

And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; — welcome!
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee. — You are three,
That *Rome* should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Welcome, Warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited;
(11) From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
But, with them, Charge of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which, I doubt not, but our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [Flourish. Cornets.
[Exeunt in State, as before.

Brutus, and Sicinius, come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prating nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,

(11) *From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
But, with them, Change of Honours.]* Change of Ho-
nours is a very poor Expression, and communicates but a very
poor Idea. I have ventur'd to substitute, *Charge*; i. e. a fresh
Charge or Commission. These Words are frequently mistaken
for each other.

While

While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambring the walls to eye him ; stalls, bulks, win-
 dows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions ; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : seld-shown *Flamins*
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station ; our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
 Of *Phæbus*' burning kisses ; such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our Office may,
 During his Power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
 From where he should begin and end, but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In That there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
 The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 With the least cause, these his new honours ; which
 That he will give, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
 Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
 The napless Vesture of Humility ;
 Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
 To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : oh, he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o'th' Gentry,
 And the desire o'th' Nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

Than

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. (12) This, as you say, suggested
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

(12) ——— This, as you say, suggested

At some time, when his soaring Insolence

Shall teach the People, &c.] As Nominatives are some-

times wanting to the Verb, so, on the other hand, as This
Passage has been all along pointed, we have a Redundance:
There is, besides, one Word still in this Sentence, which, not-
withstanding the Concurrence of the printed Copies, I suspect
to have admitted a small Corruption. Why should it be imputed
as a Crime to *Coriolanus*, that he was prompt to *teach* the People?
Or how was it any soaring Insolence in a *Patrician* to attempt
this? The Poet must certainly have wrote,

———— *When his soaring Insolence*

Shall reach the People;

i. e. When it shall extend to impeach the Conduct, or touch
the Character, of the People.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ?

Mef. You're sent for to the Capitol : 'tis thought,
That *Marcus* shall be Consul : I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak ; the Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and Maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd ; the Nobles bended,
As to *Jove's* Statue ; and the Commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts :
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* COME, come, they are almost here ; how
many stand for Consulships ?

2 *Off.* Three, they say ; but 'tis thought of every
one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common People.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great Men that
have flatter'd the People, who ne'er lov'd them ; and
there be many that they have loved, they know not
wherefore ; so that, if they love they know not why,
they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for
Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate
him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their dis-
position, and out of his noble carelessness lets them
plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or
no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither
good nor harm : but he seeks their hate with greater
devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing
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undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the People, is as bad as That, which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his Country : and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the People ; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy Man : make way, they are coming.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volsians*, and To send for *Titus Lartius*, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his Country. Therefore, please you,

Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire The present Consul, and last General, In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy Work perform'd By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus* ; whom We met here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius* : Leave nothing out for length, and make us think, Rather our States defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'th' People, We do request your kindest ear ; and, after,

Your

Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what passeth here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing Treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The Theam of our Assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the People, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would, you rather had been silent: please you
To hear *Cominius* speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow:
Worthy *Cominius*, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*]

Nay, keep your place.

Sen. Sit, *Coriolanus*; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say, how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh. —

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' th'
Sun,
When the Alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my Nothings monster'd. [Exit *Coriolanus*.]

Men. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack voice: the Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the Haver: if it be,
The Man, I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' Consul's view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquin's* self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd th' best Man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurcht all swords o'th' garland. For this last,
Before and in *Corioli*, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so Men obey'd,
And fell below his stern: his sword, (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal Gate o'th' City, which he painted
With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

'Twere

'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and 'till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy Man !

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the Honours,
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'th' world : he covets less
Than Misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time to end it.

Men. He's right noble,
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains
'That you do speak to th' People.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that Custom ; for I cannot
Put on the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrages :
Please you, that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the People must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't : pray, fit you to the Custom,
And take t'ye, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honour with your form.

Cor. It is a Part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you That ?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did,—and thus,—

Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only —

Men. Do not stand upon't : —

We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpose to them, and to our noble Consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent *Sicinius* and *Brutus*.

Bru. You see, how he intends to use the People.

Sic. May they perceive's intent ! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. (13) Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* **O**NCE, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have Power in our selves to do it, but it
is a Power that we have no Power to do; for if he
shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to
put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them :

(13) Come, we'll inform them

Of our Proceedings here on th' Market place,

I know they do attend us.] But the Tribunes were not now
on the Market-place, but in the Capitol. The Pointing only
wants to be rectified, and we shall know what this Magistrate
would say, *viz.* Come, I know, the People attend us in the
Forum ; we'll go and inform them what Proceedings have been
here in the Senate.

so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being Members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when We stood up about the Corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly East, West, North, South; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all Points o'th' Compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose it self in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks — you may, you may —

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter Coriolanus in a Gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving

him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known,

The worthiest Men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace! Look, Sir,—my wounds—
I got them in my Country's service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.

I would, they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace:
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you
to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble
the Poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' Consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private: your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again:—but tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the customary Gown.

1 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma. ———

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common People.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love; I will, Sir, flatter my sworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular Man, and give it bountifully to the Desirers: therefore, beseech you, I may be Consul.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our Friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your Country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices ———
 Better it is to die, better to starve,
 Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.
 Why in this woolvish Gown should I stand here,
 To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
 Their needless Voucher? Custom calls me to't—
 What Custom wills in all things, should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
 For truth to o'er-peer. — Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high Office and the Honour go
 To one that would do thus. — I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
 Your voices — for your voices I have fought,
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen and odd: battels thrice six
 I've seen, and heard of: for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: ——— your
 voices: ———

Indeed, I would be Consul.

1 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice.

2 Cit. Therefore let him be Consul, the Gods give
 him joy, and make him a good friend to the People.

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble Consul.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation: and the Tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
 That in th' official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Custom of Request you have discharg'd:

The

The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do: and, knowing my self
again,

Repair to th' Senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well, [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*]

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble Weeds: will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves!

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock
us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your self, but
says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's Country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he'd wounds, which he could shew
in private;

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he: aged Custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,

Here

Here was — I thank you for your voices — thank
you —

Your most sweet voices — now you have left your
voices,

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd; when he had no Power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your enemy; still spake against
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I'th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curses to your selves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious Nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice tow'rds you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his furlly nature;
Which easily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Against

Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I, twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They've chose a Consul that will from them take
Their Liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And on a safer Judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his Pride,
And his old hate to you: besides, forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance;
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our command-
ment,
Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather must do, than what you should do,
Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not: say, we read lectures to
you,
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble House of *Marcus*; from whence came

That

That *Ancus Marcius*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
 Who, after great *Hosfilius*, here was King:
 Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither.
 And *Censorinus*, darling of the people,
 (And nobly nam'd so for twice being Censor)
 Was his great Ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To be set high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances; but you have found,
 Scaling his present Bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

Bru. Let them go on:
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay pass doubt for greater:
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come;
 We will be there before the stream o'th' people:
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T III.

S C E N E, *a publick Street in Rome.*

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

CORIOLANUS.

*T*Ullus *Aufidius* then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the *Volscians* stand but as at first, Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse Against the *Volscians*, for they had so vilely Yielded the Town; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? — what? —

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there; To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home.

[To *Lartius*.
Enter

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold ! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth : I do despise them ;
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah ! — what is that ! —

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on — no further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices ?

Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ? what are your offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility :
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot ;

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the suplicants for the people ; call'd them
Time pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since ?

Bru. How ! I inform them !

Cor.

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? by yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of That,
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd. ——— Set on; — this
paltring (14)

Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid falsly
I' th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again ———

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will ———

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-scented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we our selves have plow'd for, sow'd and scat-
ter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number:
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that

(14) *The People are abus'd, set on;*] This is pointed, as if
the Sense were, the People are set on by the Tribunes: but I
don't take That to be the Poet's Meaning. *Cominius* makes a
single Reflexion, and then bids the Train set forward, as again
afterwards;

Well, On to th' Market place.

And so in *Julius Cæsar*;

Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Which

Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more ———

Sen. No more words, we beseech you ———

Cor. How! ——— no more!

As for my Country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'th' people, as you were a God
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.

Men. What, what! his choler?

Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?

Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*! ———

O good, but most unwise Patricians, why,
You grave, but wreakless Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'th' monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; If none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You're Plebeians,
If they be Senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate!
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*! By *Jove* himself,

It

It makes the Consuls base ; and my soul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supream, how soon Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well — On to th' market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' th' store-house, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometimes in *Greece* —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the People had more absolute
Power :

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice ?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence ; resting assur'd,
They ne'er did service for't ; being prest to th' war,
Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates : this kind of service
Did not deserve corn *gratis* : Being i'th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation,
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
How shall this Bosom-multiplied digest
The Senate's courtesie ? let deeds express,
What's like to be their words — “ We did request it —
“ We are the greater poll, and in true fear
“ They gave us our demands.” — Thus we debase
The nature of our Seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, *fears* ; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. —

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more.

What

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal! — This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
 Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
 Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 T' unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,
 (You that will be less fearful than discreet,
 That love the fundamental part of State
 More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To vamp a body with a dangerous physick,
 That's sure of death without;) at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
 Of that integrity which should become it:
 Not having power to do the good it would,
 For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Despight o'erwhelm thee! —
 What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To th' greater bench. In a Rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their Power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason —

Sic. This a Consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho! let him be apprehended.

[*Ædiles Enter.*

Sic. Go, call the people, in whose name my self
 Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
 A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer: [*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*
Cor.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garment.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides, more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your
power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him !

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons !

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens——what ho !——

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace !

Men. What is about to be ? — I am out of breath ;
Confusion's near, I cannot speak. — You Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience ; speak, *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people —— peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune ; peace ; speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcus would have all from you : *Marcus*,
Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie.

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sex. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people ?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our Authority,
Or let us lose it: we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Marcus* is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Marcus*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; 'beseech you, Tribunes,
hear me but a word ———

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your Country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the Rock. [*Cor. draws his Sword.*

Cor. No; I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come, try upon your selves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword; Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Marcus*, help—you that be noble, help
him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
people are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as ene-
mies.

Men. Shall it be put to That?

Sen. The Gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,

Leave

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore,

You cannot tent your self; begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would, they were *Barbarians*, (as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans*: (as they are
not,

Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol:)

Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my self take up a brace o'th' best of
them; yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick:
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try, if my old wit be in request

With those that have but little; this must be patcht

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away. [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,

Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death.

[*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would, they were a-bed.

Men. I would, they were in *Tiber*.—What, the ven-
geance,

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and

Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick Power,
Which he so sets at nought.

Cit. He shall well know, the noble Tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall, be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir, —

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults —

Sic. Consul! — what Consul!

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul! —

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence, (15)
Were but our danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,

(15) ——— To eject him hence

Were but one danger, and to keep him here

Our certain Death;] This Reading, which has obtain'd
in the printed Copies, destroys that Climax which evidently
seems design'd here, and thereby flattens the Sentiment. In my
Opinion, the Tribune would say, "To banish him, will be
"hazardous to Us; to let him remain at home, our certain
"Destruction."

He

He dies to night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rd's her deserving children is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than That he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his Country:
And what is left, to lose it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. This is clean kamme.

Bru. Meerly awry: when he did love his Country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was ———

Bru. We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskann'd swiftnes, will (too late)
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
Lest Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere so ———

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience,
Our *Ædiles* smote, our selves resisted? come ———

Men. Consider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran togethe
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Marcus*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me desire your company; he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to CORIOLANUS's House.

Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.

Cor. LET them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my Ordinance stood up
To speak of Peace or War; (I talk of you)
Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play

The

The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go. ———

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been (16)
The Thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, some-
thing too rough':
You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
(17) Before he should thus stoop to th' Herd, but that
The

(16) ————— *Lesser had been*

The Things that thwart your Dispositions,]

The old Copies exhibit it,

The Things of your Dispositions

A few Letters replac'd, that by some Carelessness drop'd out,
restore us the Poet's genuine Reading;

The Thwartings of your Dispositions.

(17) *Before he thus should stoop to th' Heart, —*] But how
did *Coriolanus* stoop to his Heart? he rather, as we vulgarly
express it, made his proud Heart stoop to the Necessity of the
Times. I am persuaded, my Emendation gives the true Read-
ing. So, before, in this Play;

Are these your Herd?

The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physick
For the whole State, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? — I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when Extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd Friends,
I'th' war do grow together: grant That, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush —

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy: how is't less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With Honour, as in War; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to th' People:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
But roated in your tongue; bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. —

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends at stake, requir'd,

So, in *Julius Cæsar*;

*When he perceiv'd, the common Herd was glad he refus'd the
Crown, &c.*

And in many other Passages,

I should

I should do so in honour. (18) I am in this
Your Wife, your Son, these Senators, the Nobles. —
And you will rather shew our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that Want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!

Come, go with us, speak fair: you may falve so
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones; (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) (19) waving thy head,

(18) ————— *I'm in this*

*Your Wife, your Son: the Senators the Nobles,
And You, &c.]*

The Pointing of the printed Copies makes stark Nonsense of this Passage. *Volumnia* is persuading *Coriolanus* that he ought to flatter the People, as the general Fortune was at Stake; and says, that, in this Advice, She speaks as his Wife, as his Son; as the Senate, and Body of the Patri-cians; who were in some Measure link'd to his Conduct.

Mr. Warburton.

(19) ————— *waving thy Head,*

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout Heart.] But do any of the Ancient, or Modern Masters of Elocution prescribe the *waving the Head*, when they treat of Action? Or how does the waving the Head correct the Stoutness of the Heart, or evidence Humility? Or lastly, where is the Sense or Grammar of these Words, *Which often thus, &c?* These Questions are sufficient to shew the absurd Corruption of these Lines. I would read therefore;

————— *waving thy Hand,*

Which soften thus, correcting thy stout Heart;

This is a very proper Precept of Action suiting the Occasion; Wave thy Hand, says She, and soften the Action of it thus, — then strike upon thy Breast, and by that Action shew the People thou hast corrected thy stout Heart. All here is fine and proper.

Mr. Warburton.

Which

Which soften, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
 That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
 Thou art their Soldier, and, being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
 Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
 As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
 Ev'n as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
 Go and be rul'd: altho', I know, thou'dst rather
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery Gulf
 Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I've been i'th' Market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
 You have strong Party, or defend your self
 By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only, fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will:
 Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce?
 Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
 A lie, that it must bear? well, I will do't:
 (20) Yet were there but this single Plot to lose,

This

(20) *Yet were there but this single Plot, to lose*

This Mould of Marcius,] The Pointing of all the Impressions shews, the Editors did not understand this Passage. What *Plot* is this, they are dreaming of, to lose the Mould of *Marcius*? --- But *Plot* and *Mould* are but one and the same Thing; and mean no more than the Flesh and Substance of *Marcius's* Body. "Were there no other Consequences annex'd, says
 " He,

This mould of *Marcus*, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' Market-place!
You've put me now to such a Part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet Son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a Soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a Part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my Disposition, and possess me
Some Harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin's voice
That Babies lulls asleep! the smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a Beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't, —
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind,
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at Death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou list:
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But own thy pride thy self.

Cor. Pray, be content:

Mother, I'm going to th' Market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife. I'll return Consul,

“ He, than the Destruction of my Body, they should grind it
“ to Powder, &c.

Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit Volumnia.]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Your self to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention; I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. — [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the FORUM.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. **I**N this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic Power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil, got on the *Antiates*,
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the People hither,
And, when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I'th' right and strength o'th' Commons; (be it either
For Death, for Fine, or Banishment,) then let them,
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death;
Insisting on the old Prerogative

And

And Power i'th' truth o'th' Cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a Din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaf't, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and That is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius and Cominius with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by th' volume: — The honour'd
Gods

Keep *Rome* in Safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supply with worthy men, (21) plant love amongst you,
Throng our large Temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

(21) ————— *plant Love among You*

Through our large Temples with the Shews of Peace,
And not our Streets with War.] Though this be the
Reading of all the Copies, it is flat Nonsense. There is no
Verb either express'd, or understood, that can govern the latter
Part of the Sentence. I have no Doubt of my Emendation
restoring the Text rightly, because Mr. Warburton started the
same Conjecture, unknowing that I had meddled with the Pas-
sage.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Æd. Lift to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say: peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the People's voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawful Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he says, he is content:
'The warlike service he has done, consider;
'Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graves i'th' holy Church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move Laughter
only.

Men. Consider further:
'That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; (22) do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds:
But, as I say, such as become a Soldier.
Rather than envy, you ——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour

(22) ————— do not take

His rougher Actions for malicious Sounds:] I have no manner of Apprehension how a Man's *Actions* can be mistaken for *Words*. It would be very absurd, as well as extraordinary, were I to do a saucy Thing in Company, for the Person offended to tell me, Sir, you give me very impudent Language. This would be, certainly, taking *Actions* for *Sounds*: —— We may remember, a *Roughness* of *Accent* was one of *Coriolanus's* distinguishing Characteristicks.

You

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all season'd Office, and to wind
Your self unto a Power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the People.

Cor. How? Traitor? ———

Men. Nay, temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fires i'th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' Rock with him.

Sic. Peace:

We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing laws with stroaks, and here defying
Those whose great Power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome* ———

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of That, that know it.

Cor. You? ———

Men. Is this the promise that you made your Mother?

Com. Know, I pray you ———

Cor. I'll know no farther:

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleeing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good morrow.

Sic.

Sic. For that he has
 (As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Env'y'd against the people; seeking means
 To pluck away their Power; as now at last
 Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the Ministers
 That do distribute it; in the Name o'th' People,
 And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we
 (Ev'n from this instant) banish him our City;
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the Rock *Tarpeian*, never more
 To enter our *Rome's* Gates. I'th' People's Name,
 I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common Friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

(23) I have been Consul, and can shew for *Rome*
 Her Enemies' Marks upon me. I do love
 My Country's Good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins: then if I would
 Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
 As enemy to the People and his Country.
 It shall be so.

(23) *I have been Consul, and can shew from Rome*
Her Enemies Marks upon me.] How, from *Rome*? Did He
 receive hostile Marks from his own Country? No such thing:
 He receiv'd them in the Service of *Rome*. So, twice in the Be-
 ginning of next Act, it is said of *Coriolanus*;

————— *Hadst Thou Foxship*

To banish him, that struck more Blows for Rome,
Than Thou hast spoken Words?

And again;

Good Man! the Wounds that he does bear for Rome!

All.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fenns; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair: have the power still
To banish your Defenders, 'till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;
Making but reservation of your selves
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising then,
For you, the City, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere——

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.

[The people shout, and throw up their caps.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come; let us see him out at the gates;
come.

The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes! —— come.

[Exeunt.





A C T IV.

SCENE, *before the Gates of Rome.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius,
Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

CORIOLANUS.

Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? you were us'd
To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I prythee, woman —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime General,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,

As

As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen :) your Son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first Son,
Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance,
That starts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth
A Cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no
further.

Vex'd

Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our Power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home ;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met :

The hoorded plague o'th' Gods requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear —
Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be gone ?

Virg. You shall stay too : — I would, I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol. Ay, fool : is that a shame ? note but this fool.
Was not a Man my Father ? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou hast spoken words —

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns !

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for *Rome's* good—I'll tell thee what — yet go —
Nay, but thou shalt stay too — I would, my son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Virg. What then ? he'd make an end of thy Posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome* !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic.

Sic. I would, he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would, he had.

Vol. I would, he had!—'twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heav'n
Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far my Son,
This Lady's Husband here, this, (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Exe. Tribunes.*]

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wish, the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cause: you'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon my self,
And so shall starve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I Know you well, Sir, and you know me; your
name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my services are as you are,
against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome*! I have a Note from the *Volscian* State to find you out there. You have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* strange insurrections: the People against the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our State thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive so to heart the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's Wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The Centurions and their Charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol.

Vol. You take my Part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled,

Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium*. — City,
'Tis I, that made thy widows : Many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not,
Lest that thy Wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great
Aufidius lies :

Is he in *Antium* ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir : Farewel. [Exit Citizen.]

Oh, world, thy slippery turns ! friends now fast-sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twine (as 'twere) in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their issues. So, with me ; —
My birth-place have I and my lovers left ;
This enemy's Town I'll enter ; if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his Country service. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 Ser. **W**INE, wine, wine! what service is here?
I think, our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 Ser. Where's Cotus? my Master calls for him:
Cotus.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I
appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 Ser. What would you have, friend? whence are
you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being
Coriolanus. *[Exit.*
[Aside.

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes
in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?
pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! ———

2 Ser. Away? ——— get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesom.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with
anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What Fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot
get him out o'th' house: pr'ythee, call my Master to
him.

3 Ser.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, Fellow? pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up some other Station, here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 Ser. What, will you not? pr'ythee, tell my Master, what a strange Guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall.

[Exit second Serving-man.]

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the Canopy?

3 Ser. Under the Canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I'th' City of Kites and Crows.

3 Ser. I'th' City of Kites and Crows? what an Ass it is! then thou dwell'st with Daws too?

Cor. No. I serve not thy Master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my Master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy Mistress: thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher: hence.

[Beats him away.]

Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man; what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, yet thou know'st me not, and seeing me,

Dost not yet take me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name my self.

Auf.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to *Volscian* ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what is thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My Sirname *Coriolanus*. The painful service,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless Country, are requited,
But with that Sirname: A good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'th' world
I'd have avoided thee. But in meer spite
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy Country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy Turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my canker'd Country, with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present

My

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy Country's breast,
And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, *Marcus, Marcus,*
Each word, thou'st spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,
And say, 'tis true ; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble *Marcus*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters : here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the Maid I married ; never Man
Sigh'd truer breath : but, that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars* ! I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for't : thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy self and me :
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcus*,
Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy ; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O come, go in,
And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who

Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for *Rome* it self.

Cor. You blefs me, Gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thy own revenges, take
One half of my Commission, and set down
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Country's strength and weakness, thine own ways ;
Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in ;
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy :
Yet, *Marcus*, that was much. — Your hand ; most
welcome ! [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants,

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has ! he turn'd me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
thing in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—
I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so: looking, as it were — 'would I
were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than
I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn; he is simply the
rarest man i'th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think, he is; but a greater Soldier than he,
you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my Master ?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six on him.

1 *Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater Soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Marcius*.

1 *Ser.* Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not say, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he scotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But, more of thy news; —

3 *Ser.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o'th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a Mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the Other has half, by the Intreaty and Grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of *Rome*

gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his Crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so; and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason; because they then less need one another: the wars, for my mony. I hope, to see *Romans* as cheap as *Volsicians*.

They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, a publick Place in Rome.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. (24) **W**E hear not of him, neither need we
fear him;

His remedies are tame i'th' present peace,
And quietness o'th' People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here we make his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see
Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of
late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mis'd, but with his
Friends; the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would
do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better,
if he could have temporiz'd.

(24) *We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,*

His Remedies are tame: the present Peace

And Quietness o'th' People, which before

Were in wild hurry.] As this Passage has been hither-

to pointed, it labours under two Absurdities; first, that the
Peace abroad, and the Quietness of the Populace at home,
are call'd *Marcus's* Remedies; whereas, in Truth, these
were the Impediments of his Revenge: In the next place,
the latter Branch of the Sentence is imperfect and un-
grammatical. My Regulation prevents both these Inconve-
nencies.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:

We wish'd, *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you!

Both Trib. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. *Caius Marcius* was

A worthy officer i'th' war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole Throne,
Without Assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the *Volscians* with two several Powers
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war

Destroy

C O R I O L A N U S.

A3.

Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcus*' Banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in shell'd when *Marcus* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcus*!

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volsians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have Record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy Sir,
The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Marcus*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Pow'r 'gainst *Rome*;
And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely! —————

Men. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Marcus* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate :
A fearful army, led by *Gaius Marcus*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good Work.

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

Com. Your Temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news ?

You've made fair work, I fear me : pray, your news ?
If *Marcus* should be joined with the *Volsians*, —

Com. If ? he is their God ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men ; that stood so much

Upon

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: his best friends, if they
Shou'd say, "Be good to *Rome*;" they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease." You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like
beasts,

And coward Nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.

Com. But I fear,
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,

That *Rome* can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters. ———
And is *Aufidius* with him? ——— You are they,
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him; I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very
many of us; that we did, we did for the best; and tho'
we willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was
against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you, voices! ———

Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [*Exeunt.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
'This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i'th' wrong, when we ba-
nish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home.

[*Ex. Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 'would, half my wealth
Would

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

S C E N E, *a Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. D O they still flie to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than, I thought, he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in Commission with him; but had borne
The action of your self, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge against him; though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And shews good husbandry for the *Volscian* State,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech, think you, he'll carry *Rome*?

T 5

Auf.

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
 And the Nobility of *Rome* are his :
 The Senators and Patricians love him too :
 The Tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
 Will be as rash in the Repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome* (25)
 As is the Osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was
 A noble servant to them, but he could not
 Carry his Honours even ; whether pride,
 (Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man) whether defect of judgment,
 (To fail in the disposing of those chances,
 Whereof he was the lord) or whether nature,
 (Not to be o her than one thing ; not moving
 From th' cask to th' cushion ; but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb,
 As he controll'd the war ;) But one of these,

(25) ——— I think, he'll be to *Rome*
 As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
 By Sow'reignty of Nature.]

Though one's Search might have been very vain to find any such Word as *Aspray*, yet I easily imagin'd, something must be couch'd, under the Corruption, in its Nature destructive to Fish, and that made a Prey of them. And this Suspicion led me to the Discovery. The *Osprey* is a Species of the Eagle, of a strong Make, that haunts the Sea and Lakes for its Food, and altogether preys on Fish. But how will *Coriolanus* be to *Rome*, as the *Osprey* to the Fish.

————— he'll take it
 By Sow'reignty of Nature?

Shakespeare, 'tis well known, has a Peculiarity in Thinking ; and, wherever he is acquainted with Nature, is sure to allude to her most uncommon Effects and Operations. I am very apt to imagine, therefore, that the Poet meant, *Coriolanus* would take *Rome* by the very Opinion and Terror of his Name, as Fish are taken by the *Osprey*, thro' an instinctive Fear they have of him.

(As

(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
 For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd; but he has merit
 To choak it in the utt'rance: so our virtues
 Lie in th' interpretation of the time;
 And Power, unto it self most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
 T' extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
 Thou'rt poor't of all, then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt*.]



A C T V.

S C E N E, *a publick Place in Rome.*

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
 with others.*

M E N E N I U S.

NO, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his General; who lov'd
 him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
 But what o' that? go you, that banish'd him,
 A mile before his Tent, fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
 To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 'That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
 He would not answer to; forbad all names;

He

He was a kind of Nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name o'th' fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, so; you've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisom musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your Country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our Country-man.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Marcus*.

Men. Well, and say, that *Marcus*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard: (what then?)

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will

Must

Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure
As you intended well.

Min. I'll undertake it :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd. —
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit,

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his Injury
The Goaler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, rise: dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unless his mother
And wife, — who (as I hear) mean to solicit him
For mercy to his Country: therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Volscian Camp.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Watch.* **S**TAY: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your leave,

I am an Officer of State, and come
To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome*.

1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return: our
General

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,

And of his friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,

My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

1 *Watch.* Be it so, go back: the virtue of your Name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy General is my lover: I have been

The book of his good acts; whence men have read

His fame unparallel'd happily amplified:

For I have ever verified my friends,

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise

Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *Watch.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,
you

you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chafly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is *Menenius*; always factionary of the Party of your General.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say, you have;) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very Defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd Dotard as you seem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean; thy General.

1 Watch. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmost of your Having, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, ———

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men:

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a *Jack-gardant* cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus*; guests but my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i'th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, remission lyes
In *Volsian* breasts. That we have been familiar, (26)
Ingrate

(26) ———— *That we have been familiar,
Ingrate Forgetfulness shall poyson, rather
Than pity: Note how much——]*

We cannot desire a more signal Instance of the indolent Stupidity of our Editors. Forgetfulness might *poyson*, in not remembering a Conversation of Friendship, but how could it, in such an Action, be said to *pity* too? The pointing is absurd; and the Sentiment consequently sunk into Nonsense. As I have regulated the Stops, both *Dr. Tbirdly* and *Mr. Warburton* saw with me, they ought to be regulated. I have still ventur'd beyond my ingenious Friends, in changing *Poyson* into *Prison*: which adds an Antithesis, by which the Sense seems clearer and more natural: *viz*, That *Forgetfulness* shall rather
keep

Ingrate Forgetfulness shall prison, rather
Than Pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone ;
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives him a letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome* ; yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exit.

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius* ?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a Spell, you see, of much power : you
know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear, how we are shent for keep-
ing your Greatness back ?

2 *Watch.* What cause do you think, I have to swoon ?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General :
for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any,
y'are so slight. He, that hath a will to die by himself,
fears it not from another : let your General do his
worst. For you, be what you are, long ; and your
misery encrease with your age ! I say to you, as I was
said to, Away——

[Exit.

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Ex. *Watch.*

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome* to morrow
Set down our Host. My Partner in this action,
You must report to th' *Volscian* lords, how plainly
I've borne this business.

*keep it a secret, that we have been familiar ; than Pity shall dis-
close how much we have been so.*

Auf.

Auf. Only their Ends you have respected; stopt
Your ears against the general suit of *Rome* :
Never admitted private whisper, no,
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father ;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him ; for whose old love, I have
(Tho' I shew'd sow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions ; (which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept.) to grace him only,
That thought he could do more : a very little
I've yielded to. Fresh embassie, and suits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.——Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the same time 'tis made ? I will not ———

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius, with
Attendants all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of Nature break !
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sie worth ? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworn ? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others : my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod ; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, ——— “ Deny not. Let the
Volsians

Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy* ; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,

And

And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my Part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For That, " forgive our *Romans*. — O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, Dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You Gods ! I prate ; (27)
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i'th' earth ; [*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest !
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while, [*kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

(27) ——— You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the World
Leave unsaluted :]

An old Corruption must have possess'd this Passage, for two Reasons. In the first Place, whoever consults this Speech, will find, that He is talking fondly to his Wife, and not praying to the Gods at all. Secondly, if He were employ'd in his Devotions, no Apology would be wanting for leaving his Mother unsaluted. The Poet's Intention was certainly This. *Coriolanus*, having been lavish in his Tenderneffes and Raptures to his Wife, bethinks himself on the sudden, that his Fondness to her had made him guilty of ill Manners in the Neglect of his Mother ; and, therefore correcting himself upon Reflexion, cries ;

———— You Gods ! I prate ;
i. e. talk fondly, and without due Bounds.

Cor.

Cor. What is this?
 Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillop the stars: then, let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, flight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of *Poplicola*,
 The moon of *Rome*; chaste as the isicle,
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on *Dian's* Temple: dear *Valeria*! —

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
 [shewing young *Marcus*.

Which by th' interpretation of full time
 May shew like all your self.

Cor. The God of soldiers,
 With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform
 Thy thoughts with Nobleness, that thou may'st prove
 To Shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
 Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
 The thing, I have forsworn to grant, may never
 Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
 Again with *Rome's* Mechanicks. Tell me not,
 Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
 T'allay my rages and revenges, with
 Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more; no more:
 You've said, you will not grant us any thing:
 For we have nothing else to ask, but That

Which

Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the Blame
May hang upon your Hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volscians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. — Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy Exile. Think with thy self,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy fight, which should
Make our Eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts.

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His Country's bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray,
Whereto we're bound? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we must lose
The Country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the Country. We must find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign Recreant, be led
With manacles along our street; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy Country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For my self, son,
I purpose not to wait on Fortune, 'till
These wars determine: if I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,

That

That brought you forth this Boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me :
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to see :
I've sat too long. —

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus :
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy
The *Volsicians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poysonous of your Honour. No ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the *Volsicians*
May say, ' This mercy we have shew'd ; the *Romans*,
' This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, " Be blest
' For making up this Peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
The End of War's uncertain ; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit,
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a Name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses :
Whose Chronicle thus writ, ' the man was noble —
' But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
' Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
' To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son :
Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods ;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt, (28)
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you :
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy ;

(28) *And yet to change thy Sulphur with a Bolt,
That should but rive an Oak.]*

All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but I have
certainly restor'd the true Word. *Vid.* the 11th Note on this
Play.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou'lt never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesie ;
 When she, (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my Request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, Ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To's fir name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; and end ;
 This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our neighbours : nay, behold us.
 This Boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a *Volscian* to his mother : (29)
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
 Like him by chance ; yet give us our dispatch :
 I'm hush't, untill our City be afire ;
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother ! —————

[Holds her by the hands, silent.]

(29) *This Fellow had a Volscian to his Mother ;*

His Wife is in Corioli ; and his Child

Like him by chance ; ————] But tho' his Wife was in
Corioli, might not his Child, nevertheless, be like him ? The
 minute Alteration I have made, I am persuaded, restores the
 true Reading. *Volumnia* would hint, that *Coriolanus* by his
 stern Behaviour had lost all Family-Regards, and did not re-
 member that he had any Child. I am not his Mother, (says
 she) his Wife is in *Corioli*, and *this* Child, whom We bring
 with us, (young *Marcus*) is not his Child, but only bears his
 Resemblance by chance.

What

What have you done ? behold the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother ! oh !
You've won a happy victory to *Rome* :

But for your son, believe it, oh, believe it,
Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come : —

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less ? or granted less, *Aufidius* ?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were ;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat Compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O mother ! wife ! —

Auf. I'm glad, thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee ; out of That I'll work
My self a former fortune. [*Aside.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ; but we will drink together ;
And you shall bear [*To Vol. Virg. &c.*
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us : Ladies, you deserve
To have a Temple built you : all the swords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this Peace. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE

SCENE, *the Forum, in ROME.**Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

Men. SEE you yond coin o'th' Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of *Rome*, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Marcus* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

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U

Men.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; All swearing, if The *Roman* Ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news, the Ladies have prevail'd,

The *Volsians* are dislodg'd, and *Marcus* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,

Art certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an Arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*
Make the Sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full; of Tribunes, such as you,
A Sea and Land full. You've pray'd well to day:
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Sound still, with the shouts.]

Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings: next, Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the City?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. *[Excunt.]*

Enter two Senators, with ladies, passing over the stage; with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our Patroness, the Life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise, that banish'd *Marcus*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, — welcome, Ladies, welcome! *[Excunt.]*

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome! —

[A flourish with drums and trumpets.]

SCENE *changes to a publick Place in Antium.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. **G**O tell the Lords o'th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuse,
The city-ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch. — Most
welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impositon'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble Sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the Fall of either
Makes the Survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dew of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness

When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping —

Auf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holpe to reap the Fame,
Which he did make all his; and took some pride
To do my self this wrong; 'till, at the last,

I seem'd

I seem'd his follower, not partner ;
And he wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord :—
The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we looked
For no less Spoil, than Glory ———

Auf. There was it ; ———
(For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him ;)
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action ; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his Fall. But, hark !
[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts
of the People.]

1 *Con.* Your native Town you enter'd like a Post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the Air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expreis himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his Tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.

U 3

What

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easie fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours ;
the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ; I am return'd, your foldier ;
No more infected with my Country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome* : Our spoils, we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the *Antiates*,
Than shame to th' *Romans* : and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor ! — how now ! —

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcus*.

Cor. *Marcus* !

Auf. Ay, *Marcus*, *Caius Marcus* ; dost thou think,
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in *Corioli* ?

You Lords and Heads o'th' State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome* ;

I say,

I say, your city, to his wife and mother;
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
 Counsel o'th' war; but at his nurse's tears
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
 That Pages blush'd at him; and men of heart
 Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, *Mars*! ———

Auf. Name not the God! thou boy of tears! ———

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave! ———
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
 Must give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
 (Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
 Must bear my beating to his Grave;) shall join
 To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volsians*, men and lads,
 Stain all your edges in me. Boy! false hound! ———
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
 That, like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
 Flutter'd your *Volsians* in *Corioli*.
 Alone I did it. Boy! ———

Auf. Why, noble lords,
 Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
 Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
 He kill'd my son, — my daughter, — kill'd my
 cousin, —
 He kill'd my father. ———

[*The Croud speak promiscuously:*

2 *Lord.* Peace, — no outrage — peace —
 The man is noble, and his Fame folds in

This

This Orb o'th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious Hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius's*, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword ———

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The conspirators all draw, and kill Marcius,
who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble Masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O *Tullus* ———

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him ——— masters all,
be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this
rage

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My self your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow: take him up:
Help, three o'th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he

Hath

Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead
March sounded.*]

The End of the Sixth Volume.



